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Chamberlain's National Reading-Book

NATIONAL
READING BOOK



W. H. C. CHAMBERLAIN
LONDON AND BOSTON
1898

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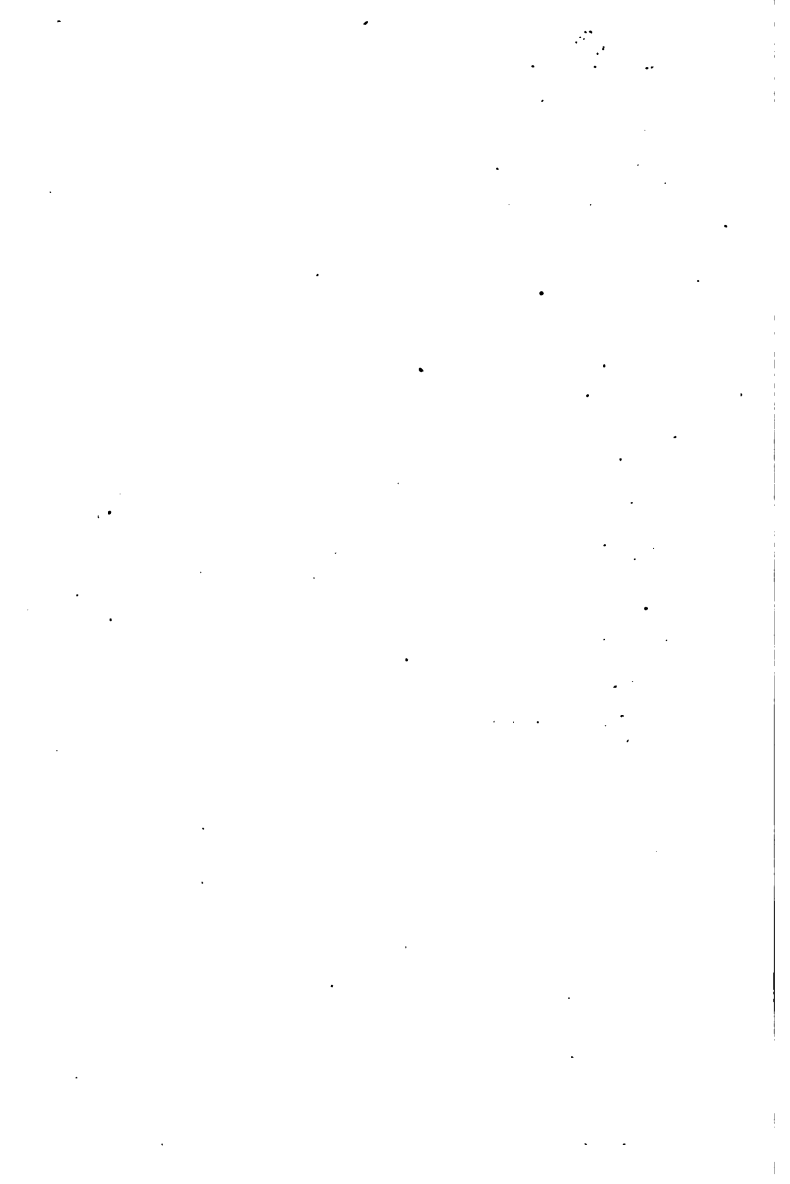
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BOOK III.

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LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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PREFACE

THE THIRD NATIONAL READING-BOOK consists of Narratives, both in prose and poetry, interspersed with Anecdotes illustrative of Natural History, and other Information Lessons. It contains a large selection of Poetical pieces suited for pupils at this stage. The MEANINGS of the more difficult words in each lesson are given where it has been considered advisable. At the end of the book are a List of Words for exercise in SPELLING, and a List of PREFIXES and AFFIXES.

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THE

THIRD NATIONAL READING-BOOK.

THE FRETFUL FIR (1).

beau'tiful,	for'est, a large wood.
com'fortable.	fret'ful, not content, complaining.
compan'ions.	imme'diately.
drays, low carts.	mar'row, the very inside.
expecta'tion, looking forward to	spangled, glittering.
what was to happen.	sur'vey, a look all over.
felled', cut down.	tricked, dressed, decorated.

A pretty little fir-tree once stood in the forest. It had a capital place, which was open to the sunshine and the air, and around it grew many of its taller brothers. But none of these things had any value in the eyes of the little fir-tree—it only wished to grow tall. ‘O that I were a tall tree,’ it said; ‘then I should be able to stretch my branches out so far, and lift my head so high, as to take a survey of the wide world around me.’

In the autumn, wood-cutters came and felled some of the largest trees; and the young fir, which had now grown to a good height, felt a shudder; for the stately trees fell crashing to the earth; their boughs were hewn

away; and they were put upon drays, and dragged out of the wood. 'Where can they be going to?' thought the little fir-tree.

In the spring, when the storks and swallows came, the little fir-tree said to them: 'Did you meet the tall firs on the way?' 'I met,' replied the stork, 'a great number of ships as I flew hither from Egypt; in these ships there were stately masts; and I will be bound they were the firs, for they had the smell of firs about them.' 'Oh, if I were but tall enough to sail across the sea!' said the little fir-tree.

When Christmas drew near, quite young trees were cut down—trees that were neither so tall nor so old as this fretful fir-tree, that was always wishing to be off. These young trees were laid on wagons with all their branches on, and drawn away out of the wood. 'Where can they be going to?' said the fir-tree. 'We know, we know,' chirruped the sparrows: 'we have peeped in at the windows, and seen young trees planted straight upright in the middle of nice, warm rooms, and tricked out with such fine things—apples, nuts, pretty toys, and hundreds of candles.' 'That is better than sailing across the sea,' shouted the joyful fir-tree; 'how I long to be among them! oh, to think of being in the wagon, and then in the warm room, with all those fine things hanging on one; and there must be something better after all than that, or else why should they deck one out so?'

The little fir-tree grew taller and taller, and next year, at Christmas-time, it was cut down the first of all. The axe cut through to the marrow, and the tree fell to the earth with a sigh. It felt a pain and a faintness—it could not think of being happy then. It felt sad, too, at parting from its home—the spot where it had shot up so

fairly; and it feared it would never see its old companions again, the little bushes and flowers around it, perhaps not even the birds.

The journey on the wagon had nothing comfortable about it; nor did the little fir-tree come properly to itself, till after being taken out of the cart, it heard a man say: 'This is a beautiful one; this will do.' It was now carried into a fine drawing-room, and placed in a large tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung all round with green twigs, and was standing on a gay carpet. Oh, how the tree trembled with expectation! Immediately both the servants and the ladies began to ornament it. They stuck apples and walnuts upon it; and above a hundred red, blue, and white little candles were fastened to its branches. Dolls, too, and other toys were entwined with the green; and at the top of all shone a spangled gold star. Next the candles were lighted—and how bright, how beautiful it was! The tree trembled in all its branches with joy.

But, behold, the folding-doors were thrown open, and a troop of children rushed in. They danced round the tree, and shouted, till the lights burned down to the branches, and were put out. Then having leave to plunder the tree, they rushed wildly at it, till all its branches cracked again; and if it had not been fastened to the ceiling by the gold star at the top of it, it must certainly have been thrown down. At last the children became weary of their sport, and retired for the night; and no one thought about the tree, except the old nurse, who came and peeped among the branches to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

THE FRETFUL FIR (2).

linden-trees, lime-trees.

per'fume, smell.

pres'ently.

pris'oner, one kept in confinement.

sor'rowfully, with sorrow.

ter'ribly, very.

tra'lis-work, cross bars for supporting plants.

In the morning the footman and the housemaid came into the drawing-room. 'Now,' thought the tree, 'my fine dress is going to be put on again.' But they dragged it out of the room, up the stairs, to the garret-floor, and there they placed it in a dark corner where the daylight never shone. 'What can this mean? what am I to do here?' thought the tree; and it leaned against the wall thinking and thinking. Time enough it had to do so, for days and weeks passed, and yet no one came near it. 'It must be winter now,' thought the tree; 'the earth is hard and covered with snow, men cannot plant me; so most likely I am to stay here under shelter till the spring comes: how well advised that is! how good men are!—though I wish it were not quite so dark and dismal here.'

'Pip, pip,' said a little mouse, as he popped out of his hole, and snuffed at the fir-tree: 'Can you tell me how to get to the pantry where cheese lies on the shelves, and hams are hanging from the ceiling; where you can go in lean, and come out fat? Can you tell me this, you old fir-tree?' 'I am not old,' said the fir-tree; 'nor do I know anything about the pantry; but I know the wood very well, where the sun shines, and the little birds sing.' 'You are a stupid old tree,' said the little mouse, and went back to his hole.

The next night two rats came. 'We are terribly hungry,' said the rats; 'do you know where we shall find bacon or tallow-candles, you old fir-tree?' 'I am not old,' said the tree; 'and I never saw bacon.' 'Then

good luck to you,' replied the rats; and so saying they went back to their friends.

But the fir-tree was not to be always a prisoner. One morning people came to set things to rights in the garret; and finding the tree there, they pulled it out, and dragged it down-stairs into the daylight. 'Now, life begins again,' thought the tree, for it felt the fresh air and the first beams of the sun. Presently it was in the yard again. The yard was close to a garden, where everything was in bloom. The roses hung over the light trellis-work, full of freshness and perfume; the linden-trees were in blossom; and the swallows flew about singing 'Quirre-virrart.' 'Now I shall begin life again,' cried the fir-tree; and it stretched out its branches. But, alas! they were all dry and yellow, though the gold-paper star still dangled at its top, and glittered in the sunshine.

Some of the merry-hearted children who had danced round the tree at Christmas, were playing in the yard. One of them ran and tore off the gold star. 'Just look what was hanging on the ugly old fir-tree,' said he: and he trampled on the branches till they cracked again. Then the tree saw the flowers in the garden in all the freshness of their beauty, and then it looked at itself, and wished that it had never left the green forest.

Soon after, the man-servant came and cut up the tree into little pieces, and carried a whole bundle of it into the brew-house. It blazed up brightly under the large brewing-copper, sighing and cracking as it blazed. The children ran in and looked at the fire, crying 'Pop! bang!' while, at every crack, the fir-tree thought sorrowfully of the summer days in the wood, and of the winter nights when the stars were twinkling. And then it was all burnt to ashes.

THE SHEPHERD BOY AND HIS DOG SHAG.

accus'tomed, used.
affec'tionately.
ascertain', find out.
compan'ion.
dis'located, put out of joint.
exclaimed', cried out.
grima'ces, twistings of the face.
hand'kerchief.
med'icine.

ob'stinate, determined to have his
own way.
partic'ipate, share, take part in.
prec'ipice, a steep place.
procure', get.
reascend'ed, went up again.
replen'ished, put on more wood or
coal.
tes'tified, shewed.

One Saturday evening, Halbert's mother was taken very ill; the cottage they lived in was away among the mountains far from any path. The snow fell in large heavy flakes, and Malcolm (that was the shepherd's name) took down his long pole with the intention of setting out to the village to procure some medicine for his wife. 'Father,' said little Halbert, 'I know the sheep-path through the dark glen better than you, and with Shag, who will walk before me, I am quite safe; let me go for the doctor, and do you stay and comfort my mother.' Malcolm consented.

Halbert had been accustomed to the mountains from his earliest infancy; and Shag set out with his young master, wagging his tail, and making many jumps and grimaces. They went safely on, Halbert arrived at the village, saw the doctor, received some medicine for his mother, and then commenced his return with a cheerful heart.

Shag went on before to ascertain that all was right; suddenly, however, he stopped, and began snuffing and smelling about. 'Go on, Shag,' said Halbert. Shag would not stir. 'Shag, go on, sir,' repeated the boy;

'we are nearly at the top of the glen ; look through the night, you can see the candle glimmer in our own window.' Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life ; and, at last, Halbert advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, which had been concealed by a snow-wreath.

Malcolm repeatedly snuffed the little candle which he had affectionately placed so as to throw light over his boy's path, replenished the fire, and spoke to his wife that comfort in which his own anxious heart could not participate. Often did he go to the door, but no footstep sounded on the crackling ice, no figure darkened the wide waste of snow. 'Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him,' said his poor mother. She felt so uneasy at her child's absence, that she almost forgot her own pain. It was nearly midnight, when Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag. 'My son, my son !' cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage door opened, and Shag entered without his master. 'My brave boy has perished in the snow !' exclaimed the mother ; at the same moment the father saw a small packet round the neck of the dog, who was lying panting on the floor. 'Our boy lives,' said the shepherd ; 'here is the medicine tied with his handkerchief ; he has fallen into some of the pits, but he is safe. Trust in God ; I will go out, and Shag will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child.' In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and testified the most unbounded joy as they both issued from the cottage.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some yards, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which Halbert had fallen. The

descent was steep and dangerous, and Malcolm was frequently obliged to support himself by the frozen branches of the trees. It had, however, ceased snowing, and the clouds were drifting fast from the moon. At last, Malcolm stood at the lower and opposite edge of the pit into which his son had fallen; he hallooed—he strained his eyes, but could not see or hear anything. Shag was making his way down a steep height, and Malcolm resolved at all hazards to follow him. After getting to the bottom, Shag scrambled to a projecting ledge of rock, which was nearly embedded in snow, and commenced whining and scratching in a violent manner. Malcolm followed, and after some search, found what appeared the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and, wrapping Halbert in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and with much toil and difficulty reascended. Halbert was placed in his mother's bed, and by using great exertion they aroused him from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised, and his ankle dislocated, but he had no other hurt; and when he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were: 'Thank God, but did you get the medicine, mother!' When he fell, Shag had descended after him, and the affectionate son used what little strength he had left to tie what he had received from the doctor round the dog's neck, and directed him home with it.

It is many years since this happened, and Shag is now old and gray; but he still toddles about after his master, who is now one of the handsomest and most trustworthy shepherds among the bonny Highlands of Scotland.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

1.

'Twas in the flowery month of June,
When hill and valley glows
With purple heath and golden whin,
White thorn and crimson rose ;

2.

When balmy dews fall soft and sweet,
And linger half the day,
Until the sun, with all his heat,
Can scarce clear them away ;

3.

Amid the Grampian mountains dun,
A shepherd tended sheep,
And took with him his infant son,
Up to a craggy steep.

4.

The sheep lay scattered far and wide ;
The sky was high and clear ;
The shepherd's dog pressed close beside
The child so fair and dear.

5.

The father and his darling boy
Lay dreaming on the hill,
Above them, all was light and joy ;
Around them, all was still.

6.

When, hark ! a low and distant bleat
Broke on the shepherd's ear,
He quickly started to his feet—
Dark mists were gathering near.

7.

The shepherd knew the storm might last
Through all the day and night,
And feared his sheep, amid the blast,
Might stray far in their fright.

8.

He kissed, and charged his boy to stay
Behind the craggy steep ;
And with his dog he went away
To gather in his sheep.

9.

An hour had scarcely passed, when back
To the same spot he came,
Called on his boy ; while rock to rock
But echoed back his name.

10.

No trace, no track, no sound was there !
He searched, he called in vain ;
Then home he rushed in wild despair,
Immediate help to gain.

11.

He gathered friends and neighbours round—
They scaled the craggy height ;
But he they sought could not be found,
Although they searched all night.

12.

Three days and nights they still sought on ;
Their efforts all were vain :
The shepherd's son was surely gone,
Never to come again.

13.

Meantime, the shepherd's dog was seen,
When given its morning cake,
With the whole cake his teeth between,
The hillside road to take.

14.

The shepherd, wondering what this meant—
His son still in his mind—
After the dog one morning went,
Which flew as fleet as wind.

15.

Up, up a high o'erhanging crag,
The dog in haste hath gone,
Then gave his tail a joyous wag;
The shepherd followed on.

16.

A rocky ledge at length he gained,
His heart beat thick with joy,
For lo ! the cave above contained,
All safe, his darling boy !

17.

The bread the hungry infant took,
The dog lay at his feet;
The cake in two the child then broke,
And then they both did eat.

18.

Such feasts of love are seldom seen
In gay and festal halls,
As this poor shepherd saw within
That cavern's rocky walls.

THE MAN WHO COULD SEE AND THINK.

Ar'ab, a native of Arabia, in Asia.	faint, not easily seen.
des'ert, a sandy tract of land	grazed, eaten grass.
where little grows.	herb'age, grass or other plants.

An Arab was walking alone in the desert, when two merchants met him. 'You have lost a camel,' said he. 'Indeed we have,' replied the merchants. 'Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?' said the Arab. 'He was,' they answered. 'Had he lost a front tooth?' he inquired. 'He had,' was the reply. 'And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and corn on the other?' 'To be sure he was, and as you have seen him so lately, and examined him so carefully, you can tell us where he is, no doubt.'

'My friends,' said the Arab, 'I have never seen him.' 'O you villain,' said the merchants, 'where are the jewels that were part of his load?' 'I have never seen them,' he answered. Then they seized him, and carried him to the judge, who ordered him to be searched. No jewels were found; whereupon the judge demanded of him how he knew all about the camel.

'I will tell you, sir,' replied the Arab. 'I have lived in the desert a long, long time. There is not much to see in it, and that has made me take the more notice of the few things which there are. I knew that this camel was a stray one, because there were no human footsteps. I knew that he was blind of one eye, because he had cropped the herbage on one side of the path only. I knew that he was lame

of one foot, because of the faint impression which that foot had made in the sand. I knew that he had lost a tooth, because, wherever he had grazed, one small tuft of herbage remained uninjured in the centre of his bite. As to the corn and honey which formed his load, I knew of these by the crowd of ants on one side of his path, and of flies on the other.'

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE MONEY-BAG.

accident'al, happening by chance, not looked for. hue, a shouting.	part'ner, one who shares. togeth'er. trav'elling.
--	---

As two men were travelling on the road, one of them saw a bag of money lying on the ground ; and picking it up, 'I am in luck this morning,' said he ; 'I have found a bag of money.' 'Yes,' returned the other, 'though, methinks, you should not say *I*, but *We* have found it ; for when two friends are travelling together, they ought equally to share in any accidental good fortune that may happen to attend them.' 'No,' rejoined the former, 'it was I that found it, and I must insist upon keeping it.'

He had no sooner spoken these words, than they were alarmed with a hue and cry after a thief, who had that morning taken a purse upon the road. 'Oh !' said the finder, 'this is extremely unfortunate, we shall certainly be seized.' 'Good sir,' replied the other, 'be pleased not to say *We*, but *I*: as you would not allow me a share in the prize, you have no right to make me a partner in the punishment.'

CASABIANCA.

accompanied, went with.
assigned, given to him to do.
Casabian'ca.
command'er.
desert', leave.
hero'ic, belonging to a hero.

mangled, torn and cut.
obe'dient.
partic'ular.
pen'non, a long narrow flag.
permis'sion.
uncon'scious, not aware.

There was a little boy about thirteen years old, whose name was Casabianca. His father was the commander of a ship of war called the *Orient*. The little boy accompanied his father to the seas. His ship was once engaged in a terrible battle upon the river Nile. In the midst of the thunders of the battle, while the heavy shots were flying thickly around, and strewing the decks with blood, this brave boy stood by the side of his father, faithfully discharging the duties which were assigned to him.

At last his father placed him in a particular part of the ship, to perform some service, and told him to remain at his post till he should call him away. As the father went to some distant part of the ship to notice the progress of the battle, a ball from the enemy's vessel laid him dead upon the deck. But the son, unconscious of his father's death, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, remained at his post, waiting for his father's orders. The battle raged dreadfully around him. The blood of the slain flowed at his feet.

The ship took fire, and the threatening flames drew nearer and nearer. Still this noble-hearted boy would not disobey his father. In the face of blood, and balls, and fire, he stood firm and obedient. The sailors began to desert the

burning and sinking ship, and the boy cried out: 'Father! may I go?' But no voice of permission could come from the mangled body of his lifeless father. And the boy, not knowing that he was dead, would rather die than disobey. And there that boy stood at his post, till every man had deserted the ship: he stood and perished in the flames.

1.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

2.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

3.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

4.

He called aloud: 'Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done!'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

5.

'Speak, father !' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone !'
And—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

6.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave, despair ;

7.

And shouted but once more aloud :
'My father ! must I stay ?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.

8.

They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

9.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea

10.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young, faithful heart.

FLORA AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

allow'ance.

compas'sion, pity.

crim'inals, those who have com-
mitted crime.

deliv'erer.

diff'iculty.

encour'aged.

impos'sible.

insen'sible, not aware.

occa'sion.

op'posite.

pit'eously, so as to make one
pity it.

plaint'ive, sad, sorrowful.

revived', made better.

substan'tial, valuable.

A poor countryman's little daughter, whose name was Flora, was sitting one morning by the side of the road, holding on her lap a pan of milk for her breakfast, into which she was breaking some bits of coarse black bread.

Whilst Flora was thus busily employed at her breakfast, a farmer was passing the road with his cart, in which were about twenty lambs, and these he was going to carry to the market for sale. These pretty little lambs were tied together like so many criminals, and lay with their legs fastened with cords, and their heads hanging down. The plaintive bleatings pierced the heart of poor Flora, but they had no manner of effect on the hard-hearted farmer.

As soon as he came opposite the place where little Flora was sitting, he threw down to her a lamb, which he was carrying across his shoulder, saying: 'There, my girl, is a poor sorry creature that has just died, and made me some shillings poorer than I was. You may take it if you will, and do what you like with it.'

Flora put down her milk and her bread, and taking up the lamb, viewed it with looks of tenderness and compassion. 'But why should I pity you?' said she to the lamb. 'Either this day or to-morrow they would have

run a great knife through your throat, whereas now you have nothing to fear.'

While she was thus speaking, the warmth of her arms somewhat revived the lamb, who opening its eyes a little; made a slight motion, and cried baa, in a very low tone, as if it were calling for its mother. It would be impossible to express little Flora's joy on this occasion. She covered the lamb in her apron, and over that put her stuff petticoat; she then bent her breast down towards her lap, in order to increase the warmth, and blew into its mouth and nostrils with all the force she could. By degrees the poor animal began to stir, and every motion it made conveyed joy to her little heart.

This success encouraged her to proceed: she crumbled some of her bread into her pan, and taking it up in her fingers, she with no small difficulty forced it between its teeth, which were very firmly closed together. The lamb, whose only disorder was hunger and fatigue, began to feel the effects of this nourishment. It first began to stretch out its limbs, then shake its head, to wag its tail, and at last to prick up its ears. In a little time it was able to stand upon its legs, and then went of itself to Flora's breakfast pan, who was highly delighted to see it take such pleasing liberties; for she cared not a farthing about losing her own breakfast, since it saved the life of the little lamb. In short, in a little time it recovered its usual strength, and began to skip and play about its kind deliverer.

Flora took it up in her arms, and ran to shew it to her mother. Her Baba, for so she called it, became the first object of her care, and it constantly shared with her in the little allowance of bread and milk, which she received for her meals. Indeed, so fond was she of it,

that she would not have exchanged it for a whole flock. Nor was Baba insensible of the fondness of her little mistress, since she would follow her wherever she went, would come and eat out of her hand, skip, and frisk round her, and would bleat most piteously whenever Flora was obliged to leave her at home.

Baba, however, repaid the services of her little mistress in a more substantial manner than that of merely dancing about her, for she brought forth young lambs; those lambs grew up, and brought forth others, so that, within the space of a few years, Flora had a very capital stock, that furnished the whole family with food and raiment.

THE PARTIAL JUDGE.

accident, an unexpected event.
business.
gored, pierced with horns.

quoth, said.
reparation, amends.
unreasonable.

A farmer came to a lawyer expressing great concern for an accident which he said had just happened.

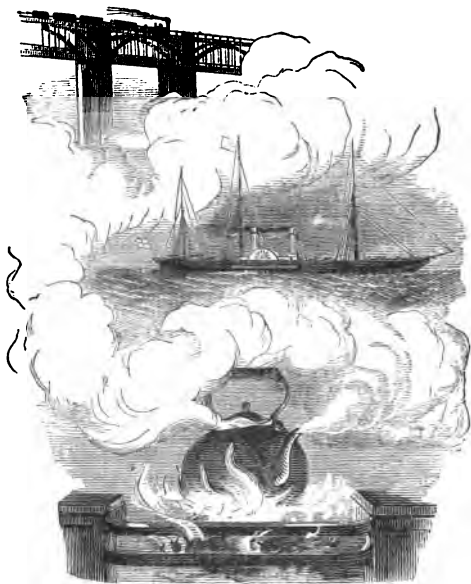
‘One of your oxen,’ continued he, ‘has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine, and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation.’

‘Thou art a very honest fellow,’ replied the lawyer, ‘and wilt not think it unreasonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return.’

‘It is no more than justice,’ quoth the farmer, ‘to be sure; but what did I say? I mistake. It is your bull that has killed one of my oxen.’

‘Indeed!’ says the lawyer, ‘that alters the case. I must inquire into the affair, and if’——

‘And if!’ said the farmer—‘the business, I find, would have been concluded without an if, had you been as ready to do justice to others as to exact it from them.’



THE STORY OF SOME HOT WATER.

conclu'ded, came to the conclu-
sion, thought.
exper'iment, trial.
improve'ments.
locomotive, moving from place to
place.
Mar'quis.

propels', drives forward.
punches, makes holes.
sifts, separates the fine parts of
anything from the coarse.
vent, the opening on the top.
won'derful.
Worcester (woos'ter).

About two hundred years ago, a man bearing the title of the Marquis of Worcester, was sitting, on a cold night, in a small, mean room before a blazing fire. This was in Ireland ; and the man was a prisoner. A kettle of boiling

water was on the fire, and he sat watching the steam, as it lifted the lid of the kettle and rushed out of the nose.

He thought of the power of the steam, and wondered what would be the effect if he were to fasten down the lid and stop up the nose. He concluded that the effect would be to burst the kettle. 'How much power, then,' thought he, 'there must be in steam!' As soon as he was let out of prison, he tried an experiment. 'I have taken,' he writes, 'a cannon, and filled it three-quarters full of water, stopping firmly up both the vent of it and the mouth; and having made a good fire under it, within twenty-four hours it burst, and made a great noise.' After this, the marquis contrived a rude machine, which, by the power of steam, drove up water to the height of forty feet.

About one hundred years after this, a little boy, whose name was James Watt, and who lived in Scotland, sat one day looking at a kettle of boiling water, and holding a spoon before the steam that rushed out of the nose.

His aunt thought he was idle, and said, 'Is it not a shame for you to waste your time so?' But James was not idle. He was thinking of the power of the steam in moving the spoon.

James grew to be a good and great man, and contrived those wonderful improvements in the steam-engine which have made it so useful in our day.

What will not the steam-engine do? It propels, it rows, it screws, it elevates, it lowers, it lifts, it pumps, it drains, it waters, it draws, it pulls, it drives, it blasts, it digs, it grinds. It stamps, it punches, it sifts, it bolts, it presses, it picks, it hews, it cuts, it saws, it planes, it bores, it drills, it blows, it forges. It hammers, it files,

it polishes, it rivets, it cards, it spins, it winds, it weaves, it coins, it prints; and it does more things than I can think of. If it could speak, it might say:

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
I manage the mill and the mint;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,
And the news that you read I print.

In the year 1807, Robert Fulton, an American, put the first steamboat on the Hudson river; and in 1829, a locomotive steam-carriage went over a railroad in England.

And this is the story of some hot water! From so small a beginning as the steam of a tea-kettle resulted the steam-engine, the steamboat, and the locomotive engine, by which the trains are moved with such speed on our railroads.

Learn what the power of thought will do. How many men had looked at kettles of boiling water; but how few thought of the force of the steam, and the good uses to which it might be turned.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

break'ers, waves broken by rocks.
buoy, a float.
mar'iners, sailors.

methinks, I think.
per'ileous, dangerous.
received'.

1.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

2.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

5.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck, on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

6.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float ;
Quoth he : ' My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock.'

7.

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape Float.

8.

Down sunk the Bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph : 'The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock.'

9.

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

10.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

11.

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

12.

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock :
Cried they : 'It is the Inchcape Rock !'

13.

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

CANUTE'S REPROOF TO HIS COURTIER'S.

ab'ject, worthless.	liege, lord, superior.
bois'terous, stormy.	mon'arch, ruler.
court'iers, those who attend kings.	rebell'ious, not obeying.
dupe, one who is cheated.	retire', go back.
el'ements, fire, air, earth, and	sub'ject, under my power.
water.	syc'ophants, those who flatter.

*Persons.*CANUTE, *king of England.*OSWALD, OFFA, *courtiers.*SCENE—*The sea-side, near Southampton. The tide coming in.*

Canute. Is it true, my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

Offa. It is true, my liege; you are the most powerful of all kings.

Oswald. We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

Offa. Not only we, but even the elements are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

Canute. Does the sea, with its loud boisterous waves, obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

Offa. Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

Canute. Is not the tide coming up?

Oswald. Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

Canute. Bring me a chair, then; set it here upon the sands.

Offa. Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord ?

Canute. Yes, set it just here.

Oswald (aside). I wonder what he is going to do !

Offa (aside). Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us ?

Canute. O mighty ocean ! thou art my subject ; my courtiers tell me so ; and it is thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

Oswald (aside). I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal command.

Offa. See how fast the tide rises !

Oswald. The next wave will come up to the chair. It is folly to stay ; we shall be covered with salt water.

Canute. Well, does the sea obey my commands ? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it swells, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person ! Vile sycophants ! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies ? that I believed your abject flatteries ? Know, there is only one Being whom the sea will obey. He is sovereign of heaven and earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. It is only He who can say to the ocean : ' Thus far shalt thou go, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' A king is but a man ; and a man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him ? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace !

PROUD POMPEY.

an'imals.

don'ey.

for'est, a large wood.

neigh'bours, those who live near
us.

opin'ion.

pota'toes.

ques'tions.

remem'bering.

Rey'nard, a name for the fox.

scam'pered, ran.

ter'rible, causing fear.

ter'ror, fear.

won'derful, to be wondered at.

Pompey was a donkey who sometimes ate his dinner in a nice green field near his master's house. Here he met a number of lambs who had never been far away from home. Pompey knew this, and was fond of giving himself airs, and looking down on his little neighbours.

'You poor stupid lambs!' he said, 'of what use are you in the world? You have lived in this small field ever since you were born; you do nothing but frisk about all day, and play silly games with each other; and I believe you would be quite pleased to stay here for ever. You know nothing of the great town and the pretty sights to be seen there. How I pity you!'

Now the town that Pompey spoke of was nothing but a village, about two miles from the farm where he lived. He had been there three or four times with a sack of potatoes, and had brought back a few bags of coals for his master. So he could not have seen very much in the village. And even if he had been there every day, he could have told you very very little of what he saw, for he was always in such terror of the butcher's big dog, that he could think of nothing else until he was half way back to the farm. But he did not say anything about that to the lambs; and, as they had never been in the

village themselves, they gazed at Pompey in wonder, and thought him a very great person indeed.

One day a horse, who had fallen and hurt himself, came to graze in the same field for a few days. He walked about the field very quietly, ate the fresh green grass, and took no notice of any one. But this did not please Pompey, who saw that the horse had not a proper idea of his greatness. So he walked up to him, looked as big as he could, and said: 'Ha! John Horse, have you ever seen the town?'

The horse looked down at Pompey. 'Pooh! pooh! you vain little donkey,' he said; 'I have seen twenty towns ten times bigger than any you ever saw.'

Pompey said no more. He could see the lambs laughing to each other, and heard one of them whisper: 'So our friend Pompey is not such a wonderful person after all.'

And even the poor ass himself felt now that there were animals in the world far greater than donkeys. This made him fret and grow gloomy, for his pride had had a fall, and he could not rest until he had done something to win back the good opinion of the lambs.

He asked the horse many questions about other animals, and learned that there were some which even the horse himself, big as he was, was afraid of. And, above all, he loved to talk of the great roaring lion, so strong and so brave, that men called him the 'king of the beasts.'

'O that I were a lion!' he often said; 'O that I were king of the beasts! I will not live and die a donkey, if I can help it.'

After that, when he thought his master was not looking, Pompey wandered out of the field, and tried to learn something more about the fierce wild beasts that roamed

in the great forests many miles away. One day, when he had gone farther than usual, he saw, lying on the grass, a big, brown, shaggy coat. He turned it over and over, and then, remembering what the horse had told him, he knew it was a lion's skin.

'I'll put it on,' said he.

So he turned and twisted about until he squeezed himself into his new dress. Then he raised his head high in the air, and trotted back towards the farm.

'Now, my friends, beware,' he said. 'Big Mr Horse and the silly lambs may laugh at the donkey; let them laugh at the lion, if they dare.'

On the way he met a cunning fox, who stared at him, and looked as if he did not know whether to run away or not. Then Pompey gave a loud bray, and tried, with all his might, to make it such a roar as he thought the lion would give. But the fox, far from being frightened, only walked boldly up to Pompey and laughed in his face.

'I thought there was something queer about you,' said Reynard; 'but as long as you held your tongue I was not quite sure. Now I know who you are, for no one but an ass could make such a noise as that.'

'Then,' said Pompey, 'I shall roar no more.'

And, indeed, he found that he could do very well without roaring. As soon as he came in sight of the lambs, they all scampered off into the farthest corner of the field, for such a fierce-looking beast they had never seen before. This pleased Pompey greatly. But what delighted him most was to see how his old friend the horse shook with fear when he saw the terrible lion so close to him.

'So ho! my friend,' said Pompey to himself, 'you may

have seen fifty towns, but what of that now? You don't say "Vain little donkey!" now.'

Then Pompey kicked up his heels, and tossed his head, and ran hither and thither in great glee.

The cries of the frightened animals at last grew so loud, that the farmer came out to see what was the matter. He, too, was in a state of great alarm when he saw what seemed to be a lion among his lambs.

By this time the donkey had tossed about his head so much that he had shaken off part of the lion's dress; and just as the farmer was about to run into the house for his gun, he caught a glimpse of a long ear peeping through the lion's mane. Then he knew the whole story. He thought no more of his gun, but took up a stout cudgel.

'I shall teach Pompey a lesson which he will not soon forget,' he said, as he walked up to the donkey.

Pompey saw him coming, and kicked his heels and tossed his head more than ever. But his master was not to be frightened by that. After some trouble, he caught hold of one of the long ears, and gave Pompey such hard knocks with the stick, that the poor creature begged him to stop this time, and promised that he would never play such tricks again as long as he lived. 'I see now,' he said, 'that though I may dress myself in the lion's clothes, I am not, and never can be, anything but an ass.'

Begin nothing of which
thou hast not well
considered the end.



THE NORTHERN SEAS.

auk, a sea-bird with web feet,
like the duck, and short wings.
a'zure, of a faint blue colour, like
the sky.

ech'oes, repetitions of sound from
some object.

fath'om, a depth of six feet.

ful'mar, a sea-bird, like the gull,
of great value for its feathers,
and for the oil obtained from
its stomach.

ice'bergs, mountains of ice.

mam'moth, a kind of elephant that
formerly lived on the earth.

Northern Lights, also called

Auro'ra Borea'lis, a name given
to certain lights seen towards
the north of the heavens in
northern countries.

pel'ican, a large water-bird with
a very large bill.

pen'guin, a sea-bird found in the
southern seas, its name mean-
ing fat, the bird being so called
on account of its fatness.

sea-horse, a sea-animal like the
seal, with long teeth, also called
the walrus.

terrif'ic, causing terror.

trav'erse, cross.

1.

Up! up! let us a voyage take;

Why sit we here at ease?

Find us a vessel tight and snug,

Bound for the Northern Seas.

2.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendours fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

3.

I long to see those Icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow ;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

4.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall ;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

5.

There shall we see the fierce White Bear,
The sleepy Seals aground,
And the spouting Whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

6.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy Mammoth hide ;
Perfect, as when in times of old,
The mighty creature died.

7.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread Sea-horse to view.

8.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where Wolves and Black Bears prowl ;
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

9.

Up there shall start ten thousand wings
With a rushing, whistling din ;
Up shall the Auk and Fulmar start,
All but the fat Penguin.

10.

And there in the wastes of the silent sky,
With the silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rook,
The lonely Eagle go.

11.

Then softly, softly will we tread
By inland streams to see
Where the Pelican of the silent North
Sits there all silently.

12.

But if thou love the Southern Seas,
And pleasant summer weather,
Come, let us mount this gallant ship,
And sail away together.



THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

am'ber, of the colour of amber,
yellowish.

a'sure, blue as the sky:

bask'ing, lying in the sun.

bread-fruit, the fruit of the bread-
fruit-tree, which, when roasted,
is used in place of bread.

brine, the sea.

can'vas, the ship's sails.

cass'ada-root, a starch produced
from the plant cass'ava or
ma'nios, generally known as
tapi'oca.

oc'coa milk, a fluid contained in
the nut of the cocoa palm.

dol'phins, animals of the whale
kind.

e'ther, the upper air.

hyacinth, of the colour of the
flower hyacinth.

lim'pid, clear, pure.

mar'vellous, wonderful.

mer'maid, a fabled sea-animal,
having the upper part like a
woman, and the lower like a
fish.

nau'tilus, a kind of shell-fish once
thought to be able to sail like a
ship.

aeth'er, lower.

o'dour, a smell.

par'adise, a place of delight.

pine, the pine-apple.

ramp, leap or bound.

sheen, shining.

strand, beach, shore.

1.

Yes ! let us mount this gallant ship ;
 Spread canvas to the wind—
Up ! we will seek the glowing South—
 Leave care and cold behind,
Let the Shark pursue through the waters blue
 Our flying vessel's track ;
Let strong winds blow, and rocks below
 Threaten—we turn not back.

2.

Trusting in Him who holds the sea
 In his almighty hand,
We'll pass the awful waters wide—
 Tread many a far-off strand,
Right onward as our course we hold,
 From day to day, the sky
Above our head its arch shall spread
 More glowing, bright, and high,
And from night to night—oh, what delight !
 In its azure depths to mark
Stars all unknown come glittering out
 Over the ocean dark.

3.

The moon uprising like a sun,
 So stately, large, and sheen,
And the very stars, like clustered moons,
 In the crystal ether keen.
While all about the ship below,
 Strange fiery billows play—
The ceaseless keel through liquid fire
 Cuts wondrously its way.

4.

But O, the South ! the balmy South !
How warm the breezes float !
How warm the amber waters stream
From off our basking boat.

5.

Come down, come down from the tall ship's side ;
What a marvellous sight is here !
Look—purple rocks and crimson trees,
Down in the deep so clear.

6.

See ! where those shoals of Dolphins go,
A glad and glorious band,
Sporting among the day-bright woods
Of a coral fairy-land.

7.

See ! on the violet sands beneath
How the gorgeous shells do glide !
O Sea ! old Sea, who yet knows half
Of thy wonders and thy pride ?

8.

Look how the sea-plants trembling float
All like a Mermaid's locks,
Waving in thread of ruby red
Over those nether rocks,
Heaving and sinking, soft and fair,
Here hyacinth—there green—
With many a stem of golden growth,
And starry flowers between.

9.

But away ! away ! to upper day—
For monstrous shapes are here—

Monsters of dark and wallowing bulk,
And horny eyeballs drear ;
The tusked mouth, and the spiny fin,
Speckled and warted back,
The glittering swift, and the flabby slow,
Ramp through this deep sea track.

10.

Away ! away ! to upper day,
To glance o'er the breezy brine,
And see the Nautilus gladly sail,
The Flying-fish leap and shine.

11.

But what is that ? ' 'Tis land !—'tis land !—
'Tis land !' the sailors cry.
Nay ! 'tis a long and narrow cloud,
Betwixt the sea and sky.

12.

' 'Tis land ! 'tis land !' they cry once more—
And now comes breathing on
An odour of the living earth,
Such as the sea hath none.

13.

But now I mark the rising shores !
The purple hills ! the trees !
Ah ! what a glorious land is here,
What happy scenes are these !

14.

See, how the tall Palms lift their locks
From mountain clefts—what vales,
Basking beneath the noontide sun,
That high and hotly sails.

15.

Yet all about the breezy shore,
Unheedful of the glow,
Look how the children of the South
Are passing to and fro.

16.

What noble forms ! what fairy place !
Cast anchor in this cove ;
Push out the boat, for in this land
A little we must rove !

17.

We'll wander on through wood and field,
We'll sit beneath the Vine ;
We'll drink the limpid Cocoa-milk,
And pluck the native Pine.

18.

The Bread-fruit and Cassada-root,
And many a glowing berry,
Shall be our feast, for here at least,
Why should we not be merry ?
For 'tis a Southern Paradise,
All gladsome—plain and shore—
A land so far that here we are,
But shall be here no more.

19.

We've seen the splendid Southern clime,
Its seas, and isles, and men ;
So now ! back to a dearer land—
To England back again !

THE TWO CATS.

arbitrator, one who decides.
conscientious, just.
determined, settled.
diminishing, growing less.

equilibrium, equal weight.
immediately.
intricate, very difficult.
respective, belonging to each.

Two cats having stolen some cheese, could not agree about dividing their prize. In order therefore to settle the dispute, they consented to refer the matter to a monkey. The proposed arbitrator very readily accepted the office, and producing a balance, put a part into each scale. 'Let me see,' said he; 'aye, this lump outweighs the other;' and immediately bit off a considerable piece, in order to reduce it, he observed, to an equilibrium.

The opposite scale was now the heavier; which afforded our conscientious judge a reason for a second mouthful. 'Hold, hold,' said the two cats, who began to be alarmed for the event, 'give us our respective shares and we are satisfied.' 'If you are satisfied,' returned the monkey, 'justice is not: a case of this intricate nature is by no means so soon determined.' Upon which he continued to nibble first one piece, and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese gradually diminishing, entreated him to give himself no farther trouble, but deliver to them what remained.

'Not so fast, I beseech you, friends,' replied the monkey; 'we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you: what remains is due to me in right of my office.' Upon which he crammed the whole into his mouth, and with great gravity dismissed the court.



THE SERPENT AND THE BUFFALO.

buffalo, a kind of wild ox.
dila'ted, swelled out.

mu'cus, a slimy fluid.
volu'minous, in many coils.

A serpent had for some time been waiting for prey near the brink of a pool, when a buffalo was the first that offered. Having darted upon the affrighted animal, it instantly began to wrap it round with its voluminous twistings; and at every twist the bones of the buffalo were heard to crack. It was in vain that the poor animal struggled and bellowed; its enormous enemy entwined it too closely to get free; till at length, all its bones being mashed to pieces, and the whole body reduced to one uniform mass, the serpent untwined its folds to swallow its prey at leisure. To prepare for this, and in order to make the body slip down the throat more glibly, it was seen to lick the whole body over, and thus cover it with its mucus. It then began to swallow it at that end that offered least-resistance, while its length of body was dilated to receive its prey, and thus took in at once a morsel three times its own thickness.



THE REINDEER.

an'imal.

ant'lers, branching horns.

daint'y, pleasant to the taste.

indebt'ed, owing.

li'chen, a plant that licks up
moisture on rocks.

mu'sical.

rela'tions.

I do not know what the cold northern regions would do without their reindeer. *We* should be poorly off without our horses, cows, and sheep, and the reindeer is horse, cow, and sheep, and a good many other things too—all in one.

It is not so graceful as most other animals of the deer tribe; but it is all the more fitted for the place it has to fill, and the work it has to do. Its hoofs are so formed that they can tread upon the snow without sinking deeply into it, and its stronger make enables it to draw its master's sledge with ease and swiftness over the hard frozen surface. A sledge is a long narrow carriage with no wheels; the reins are attached to the animal's antlers, which are very large and branched, and bent back over

its neck, instead of standing up straight. It is also to be noticed that the females have them as well as the males, so that they are better off than all the rest of their relations.

Very often bells are fastened to the harness. The reindeer has a musical taste, and he likes their jingle. But he is rather touchy in his temper, and if his master uses the whip too freely he will fly into a passion, and turn round and attack him. The only thing then for him to do is to upset the sledge and hide himself under it. By-and-by the reindeer recovers himself, and then his master gets up and continues his journey just as if nothing had happened.

The reindeer attaches itself to man in the same way as our horses and dogs do, but in this case it is a kind of free service. It is not indebted to man for anything: set free from the sledge, it goes its own way, and finds its own supper. And in what does this supper consist? It is very simple; the whole of the winter, the reindeer lives upon nothing else but a humble plant, a kind of lichen, called the reindeer moss. You might put a rich bill of fare before it, but it would like the moss best.

Its scent is so keen that even when the moss is buried under the snow, it can always tell where it is to be found. It sniffs about, puts its nose down, then sets to work with its hoofs, and digs and digs till it comes to the dainty morsel.

The riches of the people are reckoned, not in silver and gold, but in the number of reindeer, and some have herds of many thousands. It is, indeed, most useful to them—supplying them with all they need. Its milk is their daily food; its flesh their dainty meat for high days and holidays; living, it carries them and all they possess wherever they wish to go; and dead, there is hardly a part of it they do not turn to good use.



ANECDOTES OF DOGS—THEIR BENEVOLENCE.

benevolence, kindness.

courageous, full of courage.

determination.

exertions.

immediately.

incredible, not to be believed.

line of communication, line by

which they could get from the vessel to the shore.

maliciously, with intention to do harm.

Newfoundland'.

perilous, dangerous.

rescuing, saving.

situation.

succeeded.

surf, the foam made by the dashing of waves.

The benevolence of dogs generally, but of the Newfoundland variety in particular, has often excited marks of high admiration. A writer on this subject observes that he once saw a water-spaniel, unbidden, plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur, maliciously thrown in. The same motive seemed to animate a Pomeranian dog, belonging to a Dutch vessel. This

creature sprang overboard, caught a child up, and swam ashore with it, before any person had discovered the accident.

A Yorkshire newspaper mentions a case not less humane and sagacious. A child, playing on Roach's Wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang after the child, who was only six years old, and seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage, and by which the child held on, but was unable to get on the top. The dog, seeing he was unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, where a girl of nine years of age was hanging out clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by the hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous situation; and after licking the face of the infant he had thus saved, he took a leap off the stage, and swam round to the end of the wharf, and immediately after returned with the child's hat in his mouth.

Newfoundland dogs have frequently been of service in the case of shipwreck. For instance: A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through

the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged ; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him ; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS—THEIR SAGACITY.

ally, a friend to assist.

belligerents, those who fight with each other.

circu'tous, round about.

contempt'uous, shewing contempt.

em'bassy, message.

indig'nity, insult.

interpreta'tion, meaning.

possess'ion.

pugnac'ity, readiness to fight.

tractabil'ity, readiness to be taught.

trust'worthiness.

Anecdotes are related of dogs seeking the assistance of neighbour dogs to punish injuries they have sustained ; from which we may know that they possess a means of discovering their intentions to each other. The following is a remarkable case of this kind : A gentleman residing in Fifeshire, and not far from the city of St Andrews, was in possession of a very fine Newfoundland dog, which was remarkable alike for its tractability and its trustworthiness. At two other points, each distant about a mile, and at the same distance from this gentleman's mansion, there were two dogs, of great power, but of less tractable breeds than the Newfoundland one. One of these was a large mastiff, kept

as a watch-dog by a farmer, and the other a staunch bulldog that kept guard over the parish mill. As each of these three was lord over all animals at his master's residence, they all had a good deal of pride and pugnacity, so that two of them seldom met without attempting to settle their respective dignities by a wager of battle.

The Newfoundland dog was of some service in the domestic arrangements, beside his guardianship of the house; for every forenoon he was sent to the baker's shop in the village, about half a mile distant, with a towel containing money in the corner, and he returned with the value of the money in bread. There were many useless and not over-civil curs in the village, as there are in too many villages throughout the country; but in ordinary the haughty Newfoundland treated this ignoble race in that contemptuous style in which great dogs are wont to treat little ones. When the dog returned from the baker's shop, he used to be regularly served with his dinner, and went peaceably on house-duty for the rest of the day.

One day, however, he returned with his coat dirtied and his ears scratched, having been subjected to a combined attack of the curs while he had charge of his towel and bread, and so could not defend himself. Instead of waiting for his dinner as usual, he laid down his charge somewhat sulkily, and marched off; and, upon looking after him, it was observed that he was crossing the intervening hollow in a straight line for the house of the farmer, or rather on an embassy to the farmer's mastiff. The farmer's people noticed this unusual visit, and they were induced to notice it from its being a meeting of peace between those who had habitually been belligerents. After some intercourse, of which no interpretation could

be given, the two set off together in the direction of the mill; and having arrived there, they in brief space engaged the miller's bull-dog as an ally.

The straight road to the village where the indignity had been offered to the Newfoundland dog passed immediately in front of his master's house, but there was a more private and more circuitous road by the back of the mill. The three took this road, reached the village, scoured it in great wrath, putting to the tooth every cur they could get sight of; and having taken their revenge, and washed themselves in a ditch, they returned, each dog to the abode of his master; but when any two of them happened to meet afterwards, they displayed the same pugnacity as they had done previous to this joint expedition.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS—THE DOG AND THE MONEY-BAG.

absorbed', wholly engaged.
 admoni'tion, counsel, advice.
 apprehen'sion, fear.
 assid'uons, persevering.
 endeav'oured, tried.
 entertained', took into his mind.
 execrated, cursed.
 fidel'ity, firm attachment.
 half-averted, half-turned away.
 importun'ity, pressing him to do something.

ingrat'itude, want of thankfulness.
 inten'tion, fixed in attending to.
 o'plate, medicine.
 partic'ipate, share, take part in.
 reverie, meditation, thinking in himself without noticing what was going on.
 to his satisfac'tion, so that he was pleased.
 sensa'tions, feelings.
 suspic'ion.

Fidelity to the interests of his master is one of the most pleasing traits in the character of the dog. A French merchant having some money due to him, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive

it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived this, and ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but entertained the alarming apprehension that he had gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on his master's business to think of himself; he continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

'Mercy!' cried the afflicted merchant, 'it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! O could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim, if I spare him.'

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his

aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the thought that he had prevented a greater evil by killing a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit, however, was ineffectual: 'I am most unfortunate,' said he to himself; 'I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. 'Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.'

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to devote his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten

bag, and in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. His life was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

AFTER BLENHEIM.

1.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

3.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;

And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh :
' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
' Who fell in the great victory.

4.

' I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out,
For many a thousand men,' said he,
' Were slain in that great victory.'

5.

' Now tell us, what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
' Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.'

6.

' It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out,
But everybody said,' quoth he,
' That 'twas a famous victory.'

7.

' My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8.

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

11.

'And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last ?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

ALFRED: A DRAMA (1).

Ath'elney, in the county of Somers-	hospital'ity, kindness.
set, now a marshy field.	inhab'itants.
ca'pable, able to do something.	maintain', keep.
char'itable, kind, giving food and	nice, hard to please.
shelter.	sharp'-set, very hungry.
earn, gain in return for work	sol'itude, a lonely place.
done.	stack, pile up.
entertain', receive and treat kindly.	thatch, cover a roof with straw,
fag'ots, bundles of sticks.	&c.
Gan'delin.	trav'eller.

Persons of the Drama.

Alfred.....	<i>King of England.</i>
Gubba.....	<i>a Farmer.</i>
Gandelin.....	<i>his Wife.</i>
Ella.....	<i>an Officer of Alfred.</i>

Scene—The Isle of Athelney.

Alfred. How retired and quiet is everything in this little spot! The river winds its silent waters round this retreat; and the tangled bushes of the thicket fence it from the attack of an enemy. The Danes have not yet pierced into this wild solitude. I believe I am safe from their pursuit. But I hope I shall find some inhabitants here, otherwise I shall die of hunger.—Ha! here is a narrow path through the wood; and I think I see the smoke of a cottage rising between the trees. I will bend my steps thither.

Scene—Before the Cottage.

GUBBA *coming forward.* GANDELIN *within.*

Alfred. Good even to you, good man. Are you disposed to shew hospitality to a poor traveller?

Gubba. Why, truly, there are so many poor travellers now-a-days, that if we entertain them all, we shall have nothing left for ourselves. However, come along to my wife, and we will see what can be done for you.—Wife, I am very weary : I have been chopping wood all day.

Gandelin. You are always ready for your supper, but it is not ready for you, I assure you ; the cakes will take an hour to bake, and the sun is yet high ; it has not yet dipped behind the old barn. But who have you with you ?

Alfred. Good mother, I am a stranger ; and entreat you to afford me food and shelter.

Gandelin. Good mother, indeed ! Good wife, if you please, and welcome. But I do not love strangers ; and the land has no reason to love them. It has never been a merry day for old England since strangers came into it.

Alfred. I am not a stranger in England, though I am a stranger here. I am a true-born Englishman.

Gubba. And do you hate those wicked Danes, that eat us up, and burn our houses, and drive away our cattle ?

Alfred. I do hate them.

Gandelin. Heartily ! he does not speak heartily, husband.

Alfred. Heartily I hate them ; most heartily.

Gubba. Give me thy hand, then ; thou art an honest fellow.

Alfred. I was with King Alfred in the last battle he fought.

Gandelin. With King Alfred ? Heaven bless him !

Gubba. What is become of our good king ?

Alfred. Did you love him, then ?

Gubba. Yes, as much as a poor man may love a king ; and kneeled down and prayed for him every night, that

he might conquer those Danish wolves ; but it was not to be so.

Alfred. You could not love Alfred better than I did.

Gubba. But what is become of him ?

Alfred. He is thought to be dead.

Gubba. Well, these are sad times ; Heaven help us ! Come, you shall be welcome to share the brown loaf with us ; I suppose you are too sharp-set to be nice.

Gandelin. Ay, come with us ; you shall be as welcome as a prince !—But hark ye, husband ; though I am very willing to be charitable to this stranger (it would be a sin to be otherwise), yet there is no reason he should not do something to maintain himself : he looks strong and capable.

Gubba. Why, that's true.—What can you do, friend ?

Alfred. I am very willing to help you in anything you choose to set me about. It will please me best to earn my bread before I eat it.

Gubba. Let me see. Can you tie up fagots neatly ?

Alfred. I have not been used to it. I am afraid I should be awkward.

Gubba. Can you thatch ? There is a piece blown off the cow-house.

Alfred. Alas ! I cannot thatch.

Gandelin. Ask him if he can weave rushes ; we want some new baskets.

Alfred. I have never learned.

Gubba. Can you stack hay ?

Alfred. No.

Gubba. Why, here's a fellow ! and yet he hath as many pair of hands as his neighbours. Dame, can you employ him in the house ? He might lay wood on the fire, and rub the tables.

Gandelin. Let him watch these cakes, then ; I must go and milk the kine.

Gubba. And I'll go and stack the wood, since supper is not ready.

Gandelin. But pray observe, friend ! do not let the cakes burn ; turn them often on the hearth.

Alfred. I shall obey your directions.

ALFRED : A DRAMA (2).

an'guish, great pain.

destruc'tion.

ex'cellent.

fast'nesses, strongholds, places of safety.

fur'menty, food made of wheat boiled in milk.

impa'tient.

liege, lord.

loon, lazy fellow.

lub'ber, lazy fellow.

mas'sacred, cruelly killed.

oaf, dolt, idiot.

protec'tion.

rav'enous, eager for prey.

ser'vile, relating to a servant.

ALFRED *alone.*

Alfred. For myself, I could bear it : but England, my bleeding country, for thee my heart is wrung with bitter anguish !—From the Humber to the Thames the rivers are stained with blood—My brave soldiers cut to pieces !—My poor people—some massacred, others driven from their warm homes, stripped, abused, insulted ; and I, whom Heaven appointed their shepherd, unable to rescue my defenceless flock from the ravenous jaws of these devourers ! Gracious Heaven ! if I am not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices : I shall be content, if England is happy.—O ! here come my blunt host and hostess.

Enter GUBBA and GANDELIN.

Gandelin. Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper; but, mercy on us, how they are burnt! black as my shoe; they have not once been turned.—You oaf, you lubber, you lazy loon——

Alfred. Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it; but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

Gubba. Come, wife, you must forgive him; perhaps he is in love. I remember when I was in love with thee——

Gandelin. You remember!

Gubba. Yes, dame, I do remember it, though it is many a long year since; my mother was making a kettle of furmenty——

Gandelin. Pr'ythee, hold thy tongue, and let us eat our suppers.

Alfred. How refreshing is this sweet new milk, and this wholesome bread.

Gubba. Eat heartily, friend.—Where shall we lodge him, Gandelin?

Gandelin. We have but one bed, you know; but there is fresh straw in the barn.

Alfred (aside). If I shall not lodge like a king, at least I shall lodge like a soldier. Alas! how many of my poor soldiers are stretched on the bare ground!

Gandelin. What noise do I hear? It is the trampling of horses. Good husband, go and see what is the matter.

Alfred. Heaven forbid my misfortunes should bring destruction on this simple family! I had rather have perished in the wood.

GUBBA returns, followed by ELLA with his sword drawn.

Gandelin. Mercy defend us, a sword!

Gubba. The Danes! the Danes! O do not kill us!

Ella (*kneeling*). My liege, my lord, my sovereign! have I found you?

Alfred (*embracing him*). My brave Ella!

Ella. I bring you good news, my sovereign! Your troops that were shut up in Kinwith Castle made a desperate sally—the Danes were slaughtered. The fierce Hubba lies gasping on the plain.

Alfred. Is it possible! Am I yet a king?

Ella. Their famous standard, the Danish raven, is taken; their troops are panic-struck; the English soldiers call aloud for Alfred. Here is a letter which will inform you of more particulars. (*Gives a letter.*)

Gubba (*aside*). What will become of us? Ah, dame, that tongue of thine has undone us!

Gandelin. O my poor dear husband! we shall all be hanged, that's certain. But who could have thought it was the king?

Gubba. Why, Gandelin, do you see we might have guessed he was born to be a king, or some such great man, because, you know, he was fit for nothing else.

Alfred (*coming forward*). God be praised for these tidings! Hope is sprung up out of the depths of despair. O my friend! shall I again shine in arms—again fight at the head of my brave Englishmen—lead them on to victory! Our friends shall now lift up their heads again.

Ella. Yes, you have many friends, who have long been obliged, like their master, to skulk in deserts and caves, and wander from cottage to cottage. When they hear you are alive, and in arms again, they will leave their fastnesses, and flock to your standard.

Alfred. I am impatient to meet them: my people shall be revenged.

Gubba and Gandelin (throwing themselves at the feet of ALFRED). O my lord——

Gandelin. We hope your majesty will put us to a merciful death. Indeed, we did not know your majesty's grace.

Gubba. If your majesty could but pardon my wife's tongue ; she means no harm, poor woman !

Alfred. Pardon you, good people ! I not only pardon you, but thank you. You have afforded me protection in my distress ; and if ever I am seated again on the throne of England, my first care shall be to reward your hospitality. I am now going to protect *you*. Come, my faithful Ella, to arms ! to arms ! My bosom burns to face once more the haughty Dane ; and here I vow to Heaven, that I will never sheath the sword against these robbers, till either I lose my life in this just cause, or

Till dove-like Peace return to England's shore,
And war and slaughter vex the land no more.

BISHOP HATTO.

1.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet ;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

2.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

3.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay ;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

4.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

5.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

6.

' I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !' quoth he,
' And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats, that only consume the corn.'

7.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

8.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

9.

As he looked there came a man from the farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
' My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.'

10.

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
' Fly ! my Lord Bishop, fly,' quoth he,
' Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !'

11.

' I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he ;
' 'Tis the safest place in Germany ;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.'

12.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

13.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise ;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

14.

He listened and looked ; it was only the cat ;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

15.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

16.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more ;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

17.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

18.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

19.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.



THE GIPSIES (1).

beau'tiful.
 complex'ion, colour of the skin.
 cu'rious.
 encamp'ment.
 fam'ilies.

gnarled, knotty.
 jar'gon, a kind of language.
 tilts, canvas coverings.
 univer'sally.
 vag'abonds, idle wanderers.

I must say a word about these curious people. They go about England in parties, several families together, and live entirely in the open air, or under the tilts of their carts, placed on the ground, with some straw. They do not like to visit towns, but confine their rambles to rural districts, where they pitch their camps at night in by-lanes or within the border of a wood. They make a living partly by mending saucepans and other articles for the country people; but it is said they also steal from the farmers, and they are universally classed with thieves and

vagabonds. Some of their women pretend to tell fortunes. The strange thing about the gipsies is, that nobody can rightly tell where they come from.

Some hundreds of years ago, they arrived in England in large numbers, and said they came from Egypt, for which reason they were called Egyptians, or Gipsies. But it is now known that they were not natives of Egypt, and some persons who have inquired into their history believe that they must have come from India. Till this day they speak a jargon of their own, besides English.

There was something about the gipsy encampment, as seen at night by the ruddy blaze of the fire, that formed a wild but beautiful picture. The hue from the flames flashed upon the trunks of the old gnarled trees that skirted the edge of the wood—in one place giving to the leaves a rich bronzy hue; in another, where the foliage fell back, causing a deeper shadow to settle down, and the whole mass slept in darkness. A stream flowed along at the front of the camp with a low murmuring sound, and in its crooked course sometimes reflected back the fire-light, then tinkled along through the gloom.

The tents in which the gipsies slept looked like the top of a carrier's cart, when the tilt is stretched over the half-rounded hoops; they were covered with canvas, to keep out the wind and rain. Their beds consisted of a pile of straw or rushes, whichever they could obtain the readiest, and over this a blanket was thrown, while a coarse covering like a horse-cloth formed the coverlet. Their seats were piles of turf cut from the common, or the roots of old trees covered with long dry grass. The looks of one or two of the men were very unpleasing, for they had not been shaven for a week or more; and what with their grim black beards, olive complexions, long dark hair, and

piercing eyes, you could not help thinking of the robbers you had heard of, or read about, who lived in caves and darksome woods, and waylaid passengers by the roadsides, whom they carried off and murdered.

The gipsies had caught hares in snares in the woods, and they had stolen potatoes and onions the night before out of a farmer's garden ; for they lived chiefly upon what they either begged or stole. Sometimes they bottomed chairs with rushes, or mended a few kettles and pans, or made two or three baskets, while the gipsy women pretended to tell fortunes ; and there were foolish servant-girls who gave them money, and were silly enough to believe that the gipsies could tell them what would come to pass a year or two hence. And the gipsies often laughed when they sat beside the camp fire, to think that the country people should be so simple as to part with their money, and to believe in all the falsehoods which they told to them.

THE GIPSIES (2).

appear'ance.

eniv'rance.

envel'oped, covered over.

multit'ude.

pan'niers, baskets.

pass'engers.

pa'tience.

pat'terns.

picturesque', making a fine picture.

proces'sion.

trav'elled.

uncur'ried, not dressed.

If you have never seen a tribe of gipsies removing from one part of the country to another, you can scarcely have a notion of the wild and picturesque appearance of such a procession ; consisting, as it does, of carts, shaggy ponies, dogs, donkeys with panniers, men, women, and very often a number of children. The women in men's

coats : the boys half buried in their father's cast-off garments, with the buttons of wide, torn, velvet knee-breeches knocking against their brown and naked ankles ; or buried in ample waistcoats, the pockets of which extended to their knees : the girls enveloped in the skirt of some old gown, just fastened by a piece of tape or string around the neck or shoulders, while their little naked arms were thrust through the pocket-holes, and left sleeveless, to be exposed to the sun and wind.

Then the carts are unlike any others ; for some of the tilted tops, though in form the same as those which cover in the carts of the old village carriers, are made so as to lift off without much trouble ; and when placed upon the ground, they form the arched coverings over their beds, so that they have only to place a little straw upon the ground, spread out their blankets, fasten up a bit of a curtain at the front, then creep inside, and make themselves comfortable for the night.

Their ponies were also little shaggy uncurried fellows, generally of the Welsh breed, with manes and tails clogged with burs and portions of withered gorse or fern, telling that they had had no other stable than the wild heath or open moorland ; and instead of a warm hayloft over their heads, the broad blue heaven, sprinkled at night with its ever-moving host of stars. As for the donkeys, they were, like the whole of their race, patterns of patience and meek endurance under all suffering ; inured to harsh words, hard blows, and harder fare. The women also wore handkerchiefs around their heads ; and the old gipsy woman had on one of her husband's coats, with a short black pipe in her mouth, which added to her forbidding appearance.

As the procession moved along, the pots and pans

under the carts jingled against one another, the wheels whistled and creaked for want of grease, while the dogs barked, and the men shouted to increase the speed of the poor half-starved donkeys and ponies. The gipsies shunned the common highway as much as possible, and went along green lanes, and the corners of heaths and commons ; thus avoiding the toll-gates, and keeping their route a secret from the multitude of passengers they must have met with had they travelled along the common country roads.

WRITTEN IN MARCH.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plough-boy is whooping, anon, anon.
There's joy in the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

ALNASCHAR'S DAY-DREAMS.

absorbed', thinking of nothing else.

Alnas'char.

amass', make up, collect.

at'titude, position.

conversa'tion, talk.

cus'tomers, those who buy.

generos'ity, kindness in making presents.

invest', spend, lay out.

jew'eller, one who deals in jewels or precious stones.

med'itate, think.

mer'chandise, articles for sale.

parade', walk about for show.

pur'chase, buying.

traf'fic, trade, commerce.

When Alnaschar's father died, he left him twenty crowns of silver. Alnaschar, who had never possessed so large a sum of money before, resolved to lay it out in the purchase of glasses, bottles, and other glass articles. He put the whole of his stock into an open basket, and fixed upon a very small shop, where he sat down with the basket before him, and, leaning his back against the wall, waited for customers to buy his merchandise.

While he was remaining in this attitude, his eyes fixed upon his basket, he began to meditate aloud, and a tailor who was his neighbour heard him speak thus : 'This basket cost me twenty crowns, and that is all I am worth in the world. In selling its contents, I shall do well if I make forty crowns, and of these forty, which I shall again invest in glass-ware, I shall make eighty crowns. By continuing this traffic I shall, in process of time, amass the sum of five hundred crowns. And as soon as I am worth a thousand, I will leave off selling glass-ware and turn jeweller. I will then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones. When I shall be in possession of as much wealth as I wish, I will purchase a beautiful large estate, slaves, and horses : I will entertain

handsomely and largely, and make a noise in the world. Nor will I remain satisfied till I have gained a hundred thousand crowns.

‘When I have become thus rich, I shall think myself equal to a prince, and I will send and demand the daughter of the prime-minister in marriage. If he should be so ill-bred as to refuse her to me, though I know that will not be the case, I will go and take her away in spite of him. When I am married, I will dress myself like a prince, and will parade through the town, mounted on a fine horse, the saddle of which shall be of pure gold ; I will be accompanied by slaves, and will thus proceed to the palace of the minister with the eyes of all fixed upon me, both nobles and others. I will present my wife’s father with two purses of gold, and after such an act my generosity will be the conversation of the whole world.

‘I will then return home, and when my wife comes to me, I will turn away my head and pretend not to see her. I will not answer her a word when she speaks, and I will thus begin, on the very first day of my marriage, to teach her how she may expect to be treated during the remainder of her life. She will come to me trembling, with tears in her eyes, and offer me a glass of wine with her own hand ; but I, without looking at or speaking to her, shall push her away with my foot.’

Here Alnaschar, entirely absorbed in his castle-building, represented the action with his foot as if it were a reality, and he unfortunately struck his basket of glass-ware so violently, that he sent it from one end of his shop into the street, where it was all broken to pieces.

THE RECTORY.

business.
especially.

important.

neighbouring, near at hand.

nightingales.

rectory, the house of a rector or
parish minister.

rummaging.

traveller.

villagers.

The rectory is a neat-looking house, covered with rich masses of dark-green ivy, which also climbs up and runs over the old church porch. In this ivy, that spreads all about the house, a great many sparrows build their nests and rear their young. All day long they keep up such a 'chirruping,' and are ever going in and out through the broad dark leaves, that you might almost fancy, from the noise they make, the most important business in the world is carried on in this little town of sparrows.

Behind the rectory there is a green old park, with a noble herd of deer in it, and some fine large elm-trees, which throw their great broad branches over the park wall, and into the rectory garden. In these tall green elms there is a large rookery, and, when you look up, you can count above a hundred nests. Oh, what a noise these rooks make every morning, as soon as it is light, especially in the spring-time, when they are busy building and repairing their nests; and all day they are ever flying to and fro, and rummaging about the neighbouring fields!

From the windows of this ivy-covered house you can see the villagers at work in the distant fields, ploughing and sowing in spring, and mowing and making hay in summer; and, when the corn wears a golden hue, reapers at work with their sickles, and gleaners stooping down to pick up the fallen ears of corn; while great wagons go rocking and reeling through the wide open field-gates,

and the hay and corn stacks in the farmyards rise higher and higher after every up-piled load.

The rector's children had a large garden to play in, which lay before the house and behind it, with a great space on each side; and along the park wall, beyond the garden, there were two or three pleasant meadows, in which the cow grazed, and the pony ran, and the poultry did just-as they pleased. There was a dovecot near the little stable, and three beehives stood facing the sunny south. What with the cooing of the doves, the murmuring of the bees, the cackling of the poultry, and the sleepy sound made by the old elm-trees which hung over the park wall when they waved, together with the loud cooing of the rooks, and the noisy 'chirp, chirp' of the sparrows, there was ever a kind of low music ringing about the ears.

Then again, in the night, when all beside was still, you heard the brook across the highway roll along with a singing noise. And sometimes, when you threw your window up before daylight to listen to the brook, you heard the cock crow from a far-off farmhouse, or the baying of some dog which had been aroused by the passing footsteps of a traveller. Then the old church clock struck with a solemn sound, that could be heard for more than a mile round; and when it had ceased, all again would be still. But often throughout the nights, at the close of May, and in the pleasant month of June, the nightingales might be heard until daybreak in the park; for they made all the surrounding valley echo again with their music. And no doubt the singing of the nightingales often disturbed the heavy-headed rooks; for you might hear them give a kind of ill-natured 'caw!' as they turned themselves in their nests, as if to say: 'I wish you were further off with your noise.'

WHANG, THE MILLER.

acquaint'ances, those whom we know.

acquisi'tions, what he acquired or gained.

affluence, wealth.

assidu'ity, attention to business.

avaric'ious, greedy.

contem'plate, think over.

discontin'ued, gave up.

embraced', took in her arms.

frugal'ity, habit of saving money.

mat'tock, a kind of axe with broad ends.

o'men, sign.

rap'tures, great delight.

reflec'tions, thoughts.

satisfac'tion, pleasure.

trans'ports, bursts of joy.

undermined', having its foundation taken away from under it.

vis'ion, dream in which something is supposed to be seen.

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate. But if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man: he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain; while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of

money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. 'Here am I,' says he, 'toiling and moiling from morning to night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O that I could dream like him ! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan ! how sily would I carry it home ! not even my wife should see me ; and then, O the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow !'

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy : he discontinued his former assiduity ; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money-dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this also were answered ; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt, so, getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug ;

digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond his strength to remove it. 'Here !' cried he, in raptures, to himself, 'here it is ! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up.'

Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined : she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum ; hastening, therefore, together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen !

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh !
The difference to me !

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE (1).

con'fidence, trust.

deliv'erance.

fe'line, belonging to the cat tribe.

fes'tival, a time of feasting and
joy.

for'midable, causing fear.

imme'diate, instant.

intrepid'ity, boldness.

per'ilous, full of danger.

preci'sion, accuracy, so as to hit at
the right place.

sac'rifice.

specta'tor, one who looks on.

suffi'cient, enough.

The horse, though naturally afraid of the lion, tiger, and other feline animals, has often sufficient confidence in a firm rider to join in the attack. This was strikingly shewn in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Sir Robert Gillespie. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindu festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear from one of the by-standers, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. Here, instead of swerving, the noble animal went right over his formidable enemy with a firmness that enabled the rider to use his lance with precision. This steed was a small gray, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the prince-régent.

As may be readily supposed, the intrepidity of the horse is often of signal service in the cause of humanity. We know of no instance in which his assistance was so successfully rendered as in that which once occurred at the Cape of Good Hope. A violent gale of wind setting in from north-north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, and was forced on the rocks; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted, and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when again seating himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no seldomer than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but, on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land; but his gallant rider, alas! was no more.

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE (2).

accom'pany, go with.

aggress'ive, making an attack.

anxi'ety.

attach'ments.

distingu'ish, to know from that of another.

occa'sions, times.

oppo'nent, one who opposes.

precip'itate, sudden.

squan'dered, thrown away.

ur'chin, a child.

In attachment to man, the horse is equalled only by the dog and elephant. He soon learns to distinguish his master's voice, and to come at his call; he rejoices in his presence, and seems restless and unhappy during his absence. We are informed in the *Sporting Magazine*, that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlour window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and then leap back to his pasture. We have ourselves often witnessed similar signs of affection on the part of an old Shetland pony, which would place its fore-foot in the hand of its young master like a dog, thrust its head under his arm to be caressed, and join with him and a little terrier in all their noisy rompings on the lawn. The same animal daily bore its master to school, and though its heels and teeth were always ready for every aggressive urchin, yet so attached was it to this boy, that it would wait hours for him in his sports by the way, and even walk alone from the stable in town to the school-room, which was fully half a mile distant, and wait saddled and bridled for the afternoon's dismissal. Indeed the young scapegrace did not deserve one-tenth of this attention, for we have often seen the old pony

toiling homeward with him at the gallop, to make up for time squandered at taw or cricket.

Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves ; and yet the presence of a cow, of a goat, or a pet lamb, will perfectly satisfy them. The attachments which they thus form are often very curious.

A gentleman of Bristol had a greyhound, which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks : on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said : ' Let me also accompany you.' When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh—he ran up to the horse and licked his nose ; in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground ; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying at the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

ANECDOTES OF THE ASS.

affec'tionate.

disposi'tions, inclinations.

endur'ance, power of bearing suffering with patience.

goad, a sharp-pointed stick, sometimes shod with iron, for driving animals.

human'ity, kind feelings.

indus'trious, hard-working.

intel'ligen'ce, good sense.

moun'tainous.

retal'iate, pay him back.

sagac'ity, keenness in knowing what is best to do.

skitt'ish, frisking, running about.

vig'our, strength.

The ass, dull and stupid as our bad treatment too often makes him, is not without his share of vigour and endurance. In 1826, a clothier of Ipswich undertook to drive his ass in a light gig to London and back again—a distance of one hundred and forty miles—in two days. The ass went to London at a pace little short of a good gig-horse, and fed at different stages well; on his return he came in, without the application of a whip, at the rate of seven miles an hour, and performed the whole journey with ease. He was twelve and a half hands high, and half-breed Spanish and English.

The generally received opinion, that asses are stubborn and intractable, alike unmoved by harsh or affectionate usage, is in a great measure unfounded, as appears from the following anecdote. In most instances, their stubbornness is the result of bad treatment—a fact that says less for the humanity and intelligence of man, than for the natural dispositions of the brute. An old man, who a few years ago sold vegetables in London, used in his employment an ass, which conveyed his baskets from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor industrious creature a handful of hay, or a piece of bread, or greens,

by way of refreshment and reward. He had no need of any goad for the animal, and seldom indeed had he to lift up his hand to drive it on. His kind treatment was one day remarked to him, and he was asked whether his beast was apt to be stubborn. 'Ah! master,' replied he, 'it is of no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain; for he is ready to do anything, and go anywhere. I bred him myself. He is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me; you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom.'

In point of sagacity and memory, the ass is nothing inferior to the horse, as is shewn by the subjoined well-known anecdote: In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, then at Malta, was shipped on board the *Ister* frigate, bound from Gibraltar to that island. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off Cape de Gat; and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might be able to swim to land; of which, however, there seemed little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the ass presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of his former master. The poor animal had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or travelling-map, had found his way from Cape de Gat to Gibraltar—a distance of more than two hundred miles—through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before, and in so short a period that he could not have made one false turn.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM.

ap'petite, hunger.

approba'tion, state of being pleased.

el'oquent, speaking with power.

harangued', spoke to.

min'strelsy, singing.

night'ingale.

ora'tion, speech.

released', let him go.

A Nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the Glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent :
' Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
' As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song :
For 'twas the self-same Power Divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

MADAM MASON (1).

a'pricot.

Auro'ra.

beau'tiful.

by ac'cident, without intending it.

cat'erpillars, worms that live on
the leaves of plants.

deli'cious, very nice to taste.

en'e'my.

fu'chsia.

Hono'ra.

in'sect, a small animal, such as a
wasp or a fly.

Mich'aelmas.

Odyn'erus.

pet'als, leaves of flowers.

sol'itary, all by myself.

Little child! Little child! I want to come to you and have a short talk. Let me settle on the brim of your straw hat, just above your pretty little ear, and then perhaps you will hear nicely all that I have to say.

Do you know my name? I don't want to know yours. You are a child, and that is enough for me. Whether you are Gwen or Ben, Mabel or Abel, Rose or Ambrose, Bill or Jill, Anne or Dan, I do not care; no, not half a twitter of my fine shiny wing. I only want to talk to children. Boy-child or girl-child, what does it matter? But I will tell you my name, for all that. I do not think you will like it, though. I think you have been taught to be frightened at me. And so I will tell you what I am called in books first, and then you will not shudder so much, and will not shiver and quiver, and jump and thump, and try, quite so quickly, to get me killed.

I am called Odynerus. Is not that fine? I daresay you don't know what it means. Nor do I. I only know that it sounds to me very beautiful, and that perhaps you don't know what your name means, although you may think Sophia Maria, and Clara Sarah, and Nora Flora, and Laura Dora, and Honora Aurora, very beautiful and fine too.

My everyday name is Mason-wasp. There! I knew you would start, and try to shake me away! But do be quiet; there's a dear child. Do be patient. Do be still. And do try to have a little bravery and courage. If you will, I will tell you such a pretty story. Listen.

I like a nice sunny garden-wall. A brick wall. One of those where the peaches have been trained all over it, and where the juicy cherries are, and the nice rich purple and bloomy plums. Do you know why? Shall I tell you? Because the fat old bees fly there, and the leaves of the fruit-trees get all covered with splendid green caterpillars, and my young masons, that I am going to lay presently, like bees and caterpillars so very very much. Oh, they think they are so nice!

The bees get fat on honey made out of such delicious flowers—woodbine, clover, sun-flower, heather, Michael-mas-daisies, rocket, and many more than I can tell you. The caterpillars swell themselves into those nice round doll-bolsters by eating apple-leaves, and apricot-leaves, and the leaves of the plums, and cherries, and peaches; and it is so kind of them both. They are just then exactly as my young masons, little Miss Odynerus and little Master Odynerus, like them to be. If they were not to eat so greedily, and get so fat, my young masons would not care about them at all. And that would never do. So I like a nice sunny garden-wall, and I look out for one where there is plenty of fine rich fruit.

I make a hole in this brick wall. I make it for my nest. I saw away with my jaws till I have sawn off a little bit of the brick as big as a seed-bead. I know what to do with this wee brick-ball. I fly away with it. Do you know why? Shall I tell you? It is that no other insect shall see it lying on the ground. I have a great

enemy—a horrible, lazy, good-for-nothing fly, who will not take the trouble to make a nest for herself when she wants to lay an egg, but looks out for one of our little places, and puts her own egg into that.

Now, if this fly (she is called the cuckoo-fly) saw my wee brick-ball, she would know my nest was near, and she would watch for me going into it, or coming out of it, and then would know where to put her egg. But I want to puzzle her, and not to let her find my nest; so I carry my bricks away as fast as I saw them off, and I drop them, one in one place, and one in another, as far away as I have time to fly. If I let a piece fall by accident near the wall, I look about for it directly; searching among the fallen peach-blossoms, and the fuchsia-flowers, and the rose-petals, strewn upon the ground; and I do not stop till I have found it and carried it away.

Each of my little journeys with a brick-ball takes me about three minutes, and I am two whole days making my nest. It is a very little one—about as big as your mamma's thimble—and it has a little neck to it just big enough for me to crawl through. Why I make it so small is that I am a solitary mason-wasp. That means that I make my nest alone; not in a big hollow among thousands of others, like my cousin the Vespa. I do not like a number of other insects buzzing, and paper-spreading, and grub-laying, close beside me. I like to be quiet, and busy, and all alone. And so I go on all by myself with my sawing, and carrying, and dropping, till all is done.

MADAM MASON (2).

cocoon'.

coun'terpane, cover for a bed.

forgot'ten.

no'body.

prop'erly.

thought'ful.

Then the second part of my mason-work begins. Do you know what that is? Shall I tell you? I have to put something smooth inside my brick hole to keep the sharp brick from hurting my young masons, when they have turned into masons, and they begin to move about. For this I make a kind of plaster-stuff like clay, and I crawl in with a small lump of it and smear it on. I can only make a small lump at a time, because I cannot carry anything large; but I keep on, and keep on, and keep on, and keep on (which I find a good way if you want to get through your work), and in two days more it is lined all the way round. Then it is ready for my young masons, only they are not masons at first, they are eggs; and I lay two, which are just as many as my nest will hold, and I seal up the neck of my nest with very thick plaster, and I fly away.

Have I put anything else into my nest beside the plaster and the two eggs, do you think? I have. I have caught some of the bees, and spiders, and caterpillars, and I have put them in alive. In four or five weeks my eggs will be hatched, and the grubs that will come from them will be very hungry, and they will be wanting this nice good food. And they do eat it all up then, I can tell you. And as soon as it is quite gone, they spin a little cocoon, or silk ball, round themselves, and there they lie, like in blankets and a counterpane, coiled up snugly all the winter. It is only in the summer that they want to

come out of this cocoon. And they do come out, and then they are beautiful masons, just like what I am ; and they fly about and eat, and build, and plaster, and lay eggs, and they feel very happy and very glad.

I have forgotten to tell you how many legs I have. I have six ; you, I think, have only two. How very poor you are. Two legs ! Why, can you do anything with such a few ? I know I should feel very silly if I had no more. I should tumble and fumble, and stumble and grumble, and not know how to do my work at all. Oh, you have two arms as well ? Ah ! that is better. Two and two make four. I did not think of that. With your legs you stand, and with your arms you hold. Very good. But still you are not so rich as I am, are you ? And if you wanted to make a hole in a brick, you would have to get a chisel, or a bradawl, or a gimlet, or something, and would have to work away at that. And even then you would not know how to do it properly until you had been taught.

Oh, my child, my child, you must not think too much of a little child, and too little of a mason-wasp ! Here am I, only as big as the first joint of your little finger, and yet I am more clever than you by far. But I am not proud of it at all. O no. I know you could put your pretty polished kid boot on me in a minute, if you liked, and you could just crush, and smash, and stamp, and I should be dead, and there would be no more sunny wall for me, no more green caterpillar, no more wee brick ball, no more egg, or grub, or anything. But I am not afraid of you. You will not kill me, now that you have heard all that I can do. It makes you like things, does it not, when you know that they are busy, and neat, and kind, and thoughtful ? I know it does.



ROBIN HOOD.

The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cozened them, that him would have
betrayed;

How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,

All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill :
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders
cast,

To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled
fast,

A short sword at their belt, a buckle scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man :
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wond'rous
strong ;

They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food ;
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor :
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay :
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved :
He to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game :
Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and
there

Amongst the forests wild ; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT—ITS MEMORY.

ac'cident.	lit'ter, number of kittens.
appa'rently.	loca'ted, placed.
discern'ible, able to be seen.	recollec'tion.
evinced', shewed.	resem'blance, likeness.
extraor'dinary, not common.	satisfac'tion, pleasure.
fa'avourite, much liked.	tab'by, a cat of different colours.

The attachment of the cat to particular persons and places, and the fact of its often returning to its original home after a long absence, and over a great distance, prove the possession of a pretty accurate memory. The following surprising instance we transcribe from the *Scotsman* newspaper for 1819: 'A favourite tabby belonging to a shipmaster was left on shore by accident, while his vessel sailed from the harbour of Aberdour, Fifeshire, which is about half a mile from the village. The vessel was about a month absent, and on her return, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, Puss came on board with a fine stout kitten in her mouth, apparently about three weeks old, and went directly down into the cabin. Two others of her young ones were afterwards caught quite wild in a neighbouring wood, where she must have remained with them till the return of the vessel. The shipmaster did not allow her again to go on shore, otherwise it is probable she would have brought the whole litter on board. What makes this the more remarkable is, that vessels were daily entering and leaving the harbour, none of which she ever thought of visiting till the one she had left returned.'

How wonderfully accurate must this animal's recollection of the ship have been! The differences, however

trifling, between it and other vessels which put in, must have been all closely observed and remembered ; or we must suppose the creature to have had its recollections awakened by the voice or figure of some of its shipmates passing near to the wood where its family was located.

Still more extraordinary is the instance related by a gentleman who removed his establishment from the county of Sligo to near Dublin, a distance of not less than ninety miles. When about to change his residence, he and his children regretted very much being obliged to leave a favourite cat behind them, which had endeared itself to them by its docility and affection. This gentleman had not been many days settled in his new abode, when one evening, as the family were sitting chatting after tea, the servant came in, followed by a cat so precisely like the one left behind, that all the family repeated his name at once. The creature testified great joy in his own way at the meeting. He was closely examined, and no difference whatever was discernible between the cat in Sligo and that now beside them. Still, it was difficult to believe it was their poor pet ; for how could he have travelled after them, or how could he have found them out ? And yet the exact resemblance, and the satisfaction which the poor animal evinced as he walked about, seemingly in all the confidence of being among his friends, with his tail erect, and purring with pleasure, left but little doubt upon their minds that this was indeed their own cat. The gentleman took him upon his lap, and examining him closely, found that his claws were actually worn down, which at once convinced him that poor Puss had really travelled the whole ninety miles' journey.

ANECDOTES OF THE CAT :

ITS AFFECTION TOWARDS THE YOUNG OF OTHER ANIMALS

—ITS COURAGE.

agility, quickness.
deposited, set down.
inconsolable, not to be comforted.
instantaneous.
lacerating, tearing.
liberated, set free.

maternal, motherly.
spaniel, a kind of dog.
spectators, lookers on,
substituted, put in their place.
talons, claws.
tribulation, distress.

As an instance of the cat's affection towards the young of other animals, the following anecdote is amusing. A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring a portion of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed that the cat had that day kitted, and that, perhaps, the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only.

Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been : they had the use of their legs, barked, and gamboled about ; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion : they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the

second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel who was nursing the three other puppies. 'Oh,' says Puss, putting up her back, 'it is you who have stolen my children.' 'No,' replied the spaniel with a snarl; 'they are my own flesh and blood.' 'That won't do,' said the cat; 'I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies.' Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.

The following instance of maternal courage and affection is worthy of admiration: A cat who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the beams of noon about the stable-door. While she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barnyard in expectation of prey. In a moment, swift as lightning, the hawk darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize.

The battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties; for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye

in the conflict ; but Puss, no way daunted by this accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself apparently with additional vigour ; and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of the cat, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage ; for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant. Disregarding the loss of her eye, she immediately ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds inflicted by the hawk's talons on its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them or their affectionate parent.

TO A CHILD.

1.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

2.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song.

MISTRESS WASP, THE BUILDER.

car'penter.
com'fortably.
conven'ient.
flut'tering.

fur'aging.
mag'nified, made larger.
man'dibles.
zig'zag.

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, Buzz! Do you hear me? I am a wasp. Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, Buzz! Do you see me? I tell you I am a wasp again. You have come out to take a walk up the hill, and I am flying and fluttering about the hedge beside you; and when you really do know me, you scream, and give a jump and a start. Ha! ha! ha! What do you take me for? And whatever do you think I came into the world to do?

I will tell you. I build. You know Mr Stone, the mason, don't you? And Mr Clay, the plasterer? And Mr Wood, the carpenter? They build, you are sure, because you have seen them climbing up the ladders, and patting with their trowels, and sawing and boring, and screwing and gluing, and knocking very hard with big hammers on to little nails. Well, then, I build too. I am just as clever as they. But they are all of them men, and I am a lady! That is funny; and I thought it would make you laugh. But it is so with all of us wasps. It is the ladies always who build the places for us to live in.

What if you were to see all your sisters, and mothers, and grandmothers, and aunts carrying brick-hods, and fixing slates to roof-tops, and hauling up chimneys, and hammering round gutters, and banging down pavements, and fastening knockers and bell-handles on to big high doors? You would be ashamed, I know. You would say: 'Go in, go in; baste the meat; whip the eggs; starch

the wrist-bands ; put clean frocks on to the babies ; give physic to the sick ; sit by them of nights ; read to them when the pain is hurting ; give kisses to them when they can sit up again, and they are going to be well.' But it is different with a lady-wasp like me. My husband has to go out foraging—that is, hunting for food, you know ; and it is very hard and dangerous ; and so I, the lady, build the house for him to come back to, and I don't grumble at having to do it, because I like it, and I think it is good for everybody to be busy.

I will tell you now how I begin. I have first to get a hollow in the earth, about two feet across ; that is about as tall as up to your papa's knees. If some little field-mouse or mole has made this hollow and then gone away, I am very glad, because then I need not trouble ; but if I cannot find one, I set to and burrow one for myself. I have very strong mandibles, jaws that would look to you very like lobster's claws if you could see them magnified ; and with these I dig the earth, and throw all that I do not want away. I dig a little passage about an inch high, and about twenty inches long—as big, let us say, as two of your hoop-sticks laid end to end together. I build this passage zigzag, not straight. I do that because I want to keep my house a secret. I don't want all the ants, and earwigs, and bumble-bees, and spiders to walk right in, and find out the little cells where all my baby-grubs are lying. And at the end of this passage I dig out the hollow. Do not forget that it is about as tall as up to your papa's knees, and it is about the same width. Well : I line the roof of it with paper. What colour ? A colour half like blue and half like gray. And where do I get it from ? Why, I make it, to be sure. I fly to a wooden post, or a wooden window-frame, where

the paint has been worn away, and I tear off tiny tiny threads of wood, finer than a hair, and so short, you would have to put half a dozen of them in a line to be the same length as your thumb-nail. I gather these little tiny threads into a bundle with my feet; I wet them with a sort of glue out of my mouth; and I knead them into a wee lump of pulp or dough, something like what your cook does when she mixes flour and suet and water together when she is making an apple-dumpling. I fly away with this lump of dough, I go into my hollow, and I settle on the ceiling. Then I stand on the lump, and I press it out, walking backwards and backwards, and spreading it with my mandibles and my tongue and feet, and at last there it is, sticking on very thin and nice, looking like what you would call tissue-paper. But one sheet of this paper is not enough. I put it there, so that the ceiling and walls of my earth-house shall not fall in. Little sprinkles of earth tumbling down would soon spoil my pretty cells, and if some great heavy cow trod her hoof on the ground very hard one day, she might shake such large lumps down, we should be broken in upon altogether. So I spread fifteen or sixteen layers of paper, one after the other, one after the other, till the lining they make is nearly two inches thick. Then my house, so far, is done. But if I laid my babies loose in this, the top ones would crush the under ones, and I should have nothing but a heap of dead babies, which I should not like at all. So this is how I manage. I make about twenty little pillars or columns of my blue-gray paper, an inch long, and a quarter of an inch across, hanging down from the ceiling of my house. These are to hold up a floor, or terrace, of cells; and I make this floor round, not quite so large as my whole house, so as to leave room for us to crawl up

the sides comfortably ; and I make the cells every one with six sides, fitting one into the other so neatly and nicely ; and I make all the openings into them underneath. I daresay you think it would be much more clever to make the holes up, don't you ? You don't turn your beds and cribs and cradles upside down, I know, and you don't hang them to your ceilings, and expect people and children to sleep in them without tumbling out. But I want the top of my terrace flat and even to walk on, and I shouldn't like to crawl on the heads of my own babies, should I ? Besides, my little ones are so clever, they can lie quite as well one way as the other. Heads up or heads down, it is no matter to them ; and that is very convenient.

Well, I am obliged to leave off building at last. I have made a great many cells, and filled each one with a dear little grub, and the time comes when I must take care of them. I do. I feed them, and see that they are all right ; and in a few weeks there pops one wasp's head out of one cell, and there pops another wasp's head out of another cell, and there pops another and another, till I have quite a large family round me. At once these are just as busy as I. They begin to make paper pillars or columns under the first terrace, and they hang another terrace to them, and they make it of cells with all the openings underneath, and fill all the cells with dear little grubs (my grand-grubs, you know), precisely as well as I could do it myself. There are a great many cells in each one of these terraces. How many do you think ? More than a thousand ! And as my large earth-house will hold about fifteen of these terraces, each one hanging underneath the other, we are altogether a little city of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. We come to more than that

by the end of the summer ; because directly a cell is emptied of its wasp, another grub is laid in it, till each one has been filled about three times. And then there is no more use of my clever house. We all go away from it, and make new ones next year. Perhaps two or three delicate lady-wasps, who feel the cold very much, stay in it all the winter ; but when the spring comes, and the warmth makes them stir, they crawl out, and never think of again crawling in. They all, just as I do, set to work and get a house ready for themselves. Ah ! we are really very clever, and can do something besides buzz, buzz, buzz.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

1.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

2.

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3.

And so 'twill be when I am gone ;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

LETTER.

To Master Edward C. Sterling, London.

HILLSIDE, VENTNOR, 20th June 1844.

MY DEAR BOY—We have been going on here as quietly as possible, with no event that I know of. There is nothing except books to occupy me. But you may suppose that my thoughts often move towards you, and that I fancy what you may be doing in the great city—the greatest on the earth—where I spent so many years of my life. I first saw London when I was between eight and nine years old, and then lived in or near it for the whole of the next ten, and more there than anywhere else for seven years longer. Since then, I have hardly ever been a year without seeing the place, and have often lived in it for a considerable time. There I grew from childhood to be a man. My little brothers and sisters, and, since, my mother, died and are buried there. There I first saw your mamma, and was there married. It seems as if, in some strange way, London were a part of me, or I of London. I think of it often—not as full of noise, and dust, and confusion, but as something silent, grand, and everlasting.

When I fancy how you are walking in the same streets, and moving along the same river that I used to watch so intently, as if in a dream, when younger than you are, I could gladly burst into tears—not of grief, but with a feeling that there is no name for. Everything is so wonderful, great, and holy; so sad, and not yet bitter; so full of death, and so bordering on heaven! Can you understand anything of this? If you can, you

will begin to know what a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be who does not, as soon as possible, bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies before him.

We have a mist here to-day from the sea. It reminds me of that which I used to see from my house in St Vincent, rolling over the great volcano and the mountains round it. I used to look at it from our windows with your mamma, and you a little baby in her arms.

This letter is not so well written as I could wish, but I hope you will be able to read it.—Your affectionate
papa,

JOHN STERLING.

THE RIVER.

O tell me, pretty river! whence do thy waters flow?
and whither art thou roaming, so pensive and so slow?

‘My birthplace was the mountain; my nurse, the April showers; my cradle was a fountain, o’er-curtained by wild flowers. One morn I ran away, a madcap, hoyden-rill—and many a prank that day I played adown the hill!

‘And then, ’mid meadowy banks, I flirted with the flowers, that stooped, with glowing lips, to woo me to their bowers. But these bright scenes are o’er, and darkly flows my wave; I hear the ocean’s roar, and there must be my grave!’

A COMMON FIRE.

circumstances.**combustion, burning.****consequently.****constantly.****essen'tial, necessary, required.****oxy'gen, a gas which forms part
of the air.****ra'tional, with sense.**

Nothing is more common than a coal-fire ; we are all of us constantly using it in one way or another ; yet how to make and manage a coal-fire rightly is known to very few.

In making a fire, some shavings or pieces of paper are first laid down ; over them some sticks ; over them, again, some coal ; after which a light is applied to the shavings or paper. Many persons, while following this plan, do not take care to leave the shavings and sticks loose, and over all put too much coal ; consequently, the fire does not kindle readily, and for a time produces more smoke than fire. What is required is, that there should be spaces among the shavings and sticks for the air to get in, without which no burning can take place. It is also right to put on little coal at first, and that only in small pieces. When those pieces begin to burn, larger ones may be added.

Even the poking or stirring of a fire may be done in a foolish or in a rational manner. We should never beat or smash the fire from above, but always stir it from below upwards, thus allowing the entrance of air, *the oxygen of which is essential to combustion.*

On the other hand, to save a fire and keep it slowly burning, it is necessary to *gather it* close together, and cover it over with small coal or cinders.

Much trouble is experienced from fires, when the smoke does not readily get away through the chimney. Here a little thought or care will save great vexation. What makes a chimney *draw* is its having a stream of warmed air always passing through it. Warmed air, being lighter than cold, and, consequently, having a tendency to ascend, does, in ordinary circumstances, rise through the chimney, carrying the smoke along with it. But if the room be a close one, the air to supply this stream will be wanting, and, if obtained at all, it will be *down the chimney*, when, of course, it will be apt to bring back the smoke along with it. It is therefore necessary to have passages for the inlet of air equal at least to the space of the chimney. But this space might, in most circumstances, be much less than it is.

The smoke is merely *coal flying away unburned*.

A LUMP OF COAL.

crusta'ceans, animals with crust-
like shells, like crabs.

excava'tions.

inter'nal, inside.

mamma'lian, that give suck to
their young.

moll'uscs, animals with soft bodies,
like snails.

qual'ities.

veg'etable.

vegeta'tion.

won'derful.

A lump of coal is brought in and laid down upon the hearth in order to mend the fire. It is a thing we see every day; so we reflect very little upon it. But a piece of coal is, in reality, a thing of wonderful qualities, and of equally wonderful history.

In certain districts of Britain, as in the counties of

Durham, York, and Lancaster, in South Wales, in Lothian, Fife, and Lanarkshire, there are coal-mines—that is, large excavations dug by men in the earth, in order to obtain the coal which has been placed there by nature. Some coal-mines are many hundred feet deep. The coal itself usually lies in layers or beds, with layers of sandstone and hardened clay between. When men find a bed three or more feet thick, they dig into it, sending out the coal in lumps, or in a crumbling condition, according as it is of a hard and brilliant, or of a soft and dull, character. From the mouths of the pits, it is carried in wagons, or in canal-boats, to various parts of the country, where it is to be used.

Now, though the coal is like a black stone, and is often called a mineral, it is found to be almost wholly composed of vegetable matter, or plants which once grew on the surface of the earth. They grew there very long ago, in dense forests; died or decayed, and so became like peat-bogs; then were sunk under the sea, and covered over with beds of sand and mud, so as to be hardened into coal. It is still possible, in many pieces of coal, to trace the forms, and even the internal structure, of the plants composing it.

We not only know, from the plants composing coal, what kind of vegetation clothed the earth in those days, but from other fossils we learn what kinds of animals then lived. There were molluscs, crustaceans, and fishes in the sea, as there are now, but all of different kinds from those now existing. Scarcely any traces of land-animals are found in coal, and what are found belong to reptiles. It appears as if no mammalian animals—neither dogs, sheep, deer, horses, nor human beings—then roamed on the surface of the earth.

THE PENNY AND ITS RELATIONS.

The first time I opened my eyes and looked about me, I found myself on a long table, in a large room, with many heaps of my friends standing round me. I was lying on the top of one of these heaps, and was therefore able to look about. Where I had come from, and how I came to be there, I did not know; but one of my brothers, a good deal older than myself, much faded in colour, and with his figure now rather bent, explained it all to me. He said that I was once a piece of copper, and had lain buried deep in the ground for hundreds of years.

‘Then I must have been asleep,’ said I, ‘for I remember nothing about it. But why am I not there still?’

‘You were found by men called miners, and brought out of the earth, and put into a great furnace where the heat was strong enough to melt you.’

‘Then I am very glad indeed that I was asleep, for that furnace must have been uncommonly hot; and what next?’

‘Into the same furnace they put a small quantity of tin, and a still smaller quantity of zinc, and when the tin and the zinc got thoroughly mixed up with you, you were taken out, and men called you bronze.’

‘Then as tin, and zinc, and I seem unable any longer to live apart, we must try and be good friends with each other. What next?’

‘You were then carried to a place called the mint. There you were cut, and beaten, and turned about in a great variety of ways, till you became, as you see, a pretty bright round piece of bronze.’

‘But what am I called now, after all those strange things have been done to me?’

‘First, look at your head. You see the bust of a woman stamped on you, with words stating that that represents Victoria, Queen of Britain. Just now you happen to be lying on your tail, and therefore can’t see it. But look at that of our neighbour there, who is standing on his head, and you will then know what yours is like, for they are all exactly the same. You will see a figure sitting with a queer three-pronged thing, called a trident, in her hand. On the one side of her there is a small figure of a lighthouse, and on the other a ship in full sail. Do you observe all these?’

‘Yes; but what is the meaning of those figures marked below? They are one, eight, seven, two.’

‘That tells the year when you came out of the Mint. The proper way to say them is “eighteen hundred and seventy-two.” Now, look again, and you will see some letters. That is your own name. Read it.’

I looked, and found what my friend told me. After spelling out the words, I learned from them that I was called *One Penny*.

‘But where am I now?’ I then asked.

‘In a bank,’ he replied; ‘and as you will probably be soon sent out into the world, I may as well tell you of the rich relations we have, so that when you meet them in your travels, you may not be surprised if they regard you, as they regarded me, and I believe all of our stock, with feelings of contempt.’

I certainly felt rather proud myself, and wondered how anybody could feel contempt for me. So I asked my friend to explain.

‘You must know, then,’ he began, ‘that our race, the

race of coins, consists of three great families—the brown, the white, and the yellow. In each family there are several branches, some large, some small; some with many descendants, others with few. Do you see those white pieces lying at some distance from you? Those are our white relations, but they don't think much of us.'

'Why,' said I; 'some of them are certainly bigger than we are; but you do not surely mean to tell me that those tiny, pale-faced things I see over there are rich relations. They seem indeed to cast contemptuous glances in our direction, but we are far bigger than they.'

'Ah, but it is not always on its size that the value of a thing depends. Men look to the material of which their coins are made, as well as to their size. Now, my dear friend, all those white ones are made of silver, and that is what makes them so valuable. Even that tiny thing, the smallest among them, would buy as much as three of us. That is why men name it the threepenny piece. It has an elder brother, not much bigger than itself, which is worth four of us, and is therefore called a fourpenny piece. Those again standing next to it are called sixpences. They are a very thriving stock, and get their name because they are worth any six of us. Now count how many are in that heap of pennies beside you.'

Just then a man came in, and laid on the table or counter a white coin larger than any of those we had yet spoken about, and said: 'Change, please.'

One of the lads in the bank took up the heap of pennies next to me and handed them over. The man counted them—one, two, three, and so on up to twelve.

'All right,' he said, and went away.

'That coin which the man brought in,' continued my

brother, was a shilling. You see it is worth twelve of us; and that, indeed, is why we are all arranged in heaps of twelve, each heap counting one shilling.'

'But I see white coins bigger than shillings. What are they?'

'One is the florin, worth two of the shillings, so that it takes twenty-four of us to equal it. The florins are quite a new branch of the family, and very proud they are, perhaps, because on them the Queen wears her crown. They are fast pushing their way in the world, and, I am told, are likely soon to usurp the place of their two elder brothers, and drive them into obscurity.'

'Who are those two elder brothers?'

'The one is not very much richer than the florin, being worth only six pennies more, that is, thirty in all. His name is half-crown. Then the biggest of all is called the crown. Just imagine what the crown is worth. Why, it is equal to *five shillings*; and, dear me, would buy as much as sixty of us.'

My old friend sighed, and I began to fall very much in my own estimation. To think that that one coin—and I did not consider it so very much bigger than myself after all—was worth sixty such as I!

Neither of us spoke for some time. Then I sought for something to heal my wounded pride.

'But, brother,' I cried eagerly; 'have we no poor relations?'

'O yes,' he replied, 'we have two. There is first our friend the halfpenny. His name tells you that he can buy only half as much as we can. And then there is that little brown thing, the farthing. We are worth four of them.'

'Then, brother,' said I—and I am now ashamed to

confess that I said it, for the feeling was a wrong one— 'when the florins, and the shillings, and all our other white relations despise us, we can turn round, and, in our turn, despise these paltry halfpennies and farthings.'

Just then a man entered the bank with a strong canvas bag in his hand.

'Listen, my brother,' said my old friend; 'I fear your time has come, and we cannot remain long together. I have yet said nothing of the *yellow* family, and I must be brief. There are two branches of them, and you may occasionally find yourself in their society; bright yellow gold coins they are, and richer than the richest of our silver relations. The smaller one, somewhat like a sixpence in size, is the half-sovereign, worth ten shillings. The larger, about the size of a shilling, is the sovereign, and is worth'——

But the heapon which I lay was lifted as he spoke. While I was being borne off I heard him say: 'Count and see.'

The man dropped us into his bag, saying, as he did so, 'One shilling.' Then there fell on us a heap of pennies similar to the first. The man said 'two shillings,' and so on he went. I was at the bottom of the bag, and after a time could hardly hear for all the crowd of pennies above me. But by listening attentively I made out 'eighteen shillings,' 'nineteen shillings,' and then, when the twentieth heap dropped among us, I thought I heard him say 'One Pound.'

The bag was tied, and we were carried off. I have been in queer places, and seen many strange things since then; but, whether a *pound* and a *sovereign* are the same thing, and, if they are, how many pennies go to make a pound, I could never learn. Can any boy or girl inform me?



THE COOT.

adven'turous.
bul'rush.
king'fisher.

regard'less.
spar'row.
state'lier.

1.

O Coot ! O bold, adventurous Coot,
I pray thee tell to me,
The perils of that stormy time
That bore thee to the sea !

2.

I saw thee on the river fair,
Within thy sedgy screen ;
Around thee grew the bulrush tall,
And reeds so strong and green.

3.

The kingfisher came back again,
To view thy fairy place ;
The stately swan sailed statelier by,
As if thy home to grace.

4.

But soon the mountain flood came down,
And bowed the bulrush strong ;
And far above those tall green reeds,
The waters poured along.

5.

'And where is she, the Water-Coot,'
I cried, 'that creature good ?'
But then I saw thee in thine ark,
Regardless of the flood.

6.

Amid the foaming waves thou sat'st,
And steer'dst thy little boat,
Thy nest of rush and water-reed
So bravely set afloat.

7.

And on it went, and safely on
That wild and stormy tide ;
And there thou sat'st, a mother-bird,
Thy young ones at thy side.

8.

O Coot ! O bold, adventurous Coot,
I pray thee tell to me,
The perils of that stormy voyage
That bore thee to the sea !

9.

Hadst thou no fear, as night came down
Upon thy watery way,
Of enemies, and dangers dire
That round about thee lay?

10.

Didst thou not see the falcon grim
Swoop down as thou passed by?
And 'mong the waving water-flags
The lurking otter lie?

11.

The eagle's scream came wildly near,
Yet, caused it no alarm?
Nor man, who seeing thee, weak thing,
Did strive to do thee harm?

12.

And down the foaming waterfall,
As thou wast borne along,
Hadst thou no dread? O daring bird,
Thou hadst a spirit strong!

13.

Yes, thou hadst fear! But He who sees
The sparrows when they fall;
He saw thee, bird, and gave thee strength
To brave thy perils all.

14.

He kept thy little ark afloat;
He watched o'er thine and thee;
And safely through the foaming flood
Hath brought thee to the sea!

SPEAKING.

cockatoo'.
commu'nicate.
compan'ion.
def'iance.
genera'tion.

ig'norant.
intel'ligent.
reflec'tion.
supplica'tion.
unfor'tunate.

Men express the ideas in their mind, or their thoughts, by certain sounds uttered by their mouths. The *tongue* is the chief thing used in making these sounds, which are called *language*, from a Latin word meaning the tongue. To utter such sounds is to speak, and the power of uttering them is called *speech*. Beasts, birds, and other animals have not the power of speech; although they have some kind of feelings, they cannot make known these feelings in *words*.

All that animals can do in the way of speaking is to make certain *sounds* or *cries*. The horse neighs; the dog barks, growls, and whines; the cock crows; the hen cackles and clucks; the cow lows; sheep and lambs bleat; the lion roars; the wolf howls; the fox barks; mice squeak; canaries and linnets sing; the swallow twitters; the sparrow chirps; the rook caws; the bittern booms; the bee hums; the pigeon coos; the cat purrs; the pig squeaks; the hog grunts; the turkey gobbles; the peacock screams; the ass brays; the ox bellows; the duck quacks; monkeys chatter; the owl hoots; frogs croak; and snakes hiss. By such sounds they express pleasure, or pain, or anger, or defiance, or supplication. In some instances the animal only means to let its companions know that it is near at hand. When the black-bird whistles, its mate hears the far-sounding notes, and comes quickly to it,

The sounds and cries which animals make are sometimes called the language of beasts and birds ; but it is a language of a very imperfect kind. Starlings, parrots, and cockatoos can be taught to utter words, but they do not know the meaning of what they say ; they only repeat by rote what they are taught.

The want of the powers of thought and speech keeps animals in a humble station, far below that of human beings. They cannot tell each other where they were born, or how old they are, or what is their name, or anything else connected with their condition. They therefore cannot instruct each other, or lay plans to make themselves happy. And though we were to make any animal very clever at playing tricks, still that animal's young ones would be just as ignorant as ever. All living creatures, except mankind, are fixed down for ever to a humble condition, and most of them can be easily subdued and ruled over by men.

The faculty of language has been given to mankind for the wisest of purposes by his Creator. It is because our minds have the power of thinking or reflection, that we have received a tongue able to utter what the mind thinks upon. The tongue, and the windpipe through which the sounds come, are called the *organs of speech*. Some persons are so unfortunate as to be unable to speak, and they are said to be *dumb*.

By speaking, we can tell of all the things that we have heard from our fathers ; and men who have studied much, can tell the young and the ignorant of many things that they would perhaps never find out themselves. In this manner, by one telling another, every new generation is a little more intelligent than that which went before it, by which means the human mind is being gradually improved.

WRITING.

acquain'ted.
admira'tion.
commu'nicated.
confu'sion.
educa'tion.
explana'tions.
interroga'tion.

neglec'ted.
paren'thesia.
punctua'tion.
reference.
sit'uated.
situa'tions.
syl'lables.

Writing is the art of making certain marks to signify spoken language. The marks which we use are the letters of the alphabet; letters are selected according to their sounds, and joined together to form *syllables*, and syllables form *words*. Some small words, as *of*, *to*, and *from*, are only of one syllable, but longer words are of two or more syllables: the word *re-mem-ber* has three syllables. The joining of the proper letters in words is called *spelling*. A number of words which together express some sense form a *sentence*. In order to know how to employ proper words in writing or speaking, we must learn the rules of *grammar*.

The rules of grammar should be learned by young persons at school, so that they may know how to write and speak correctly when they grow up. If we be ignorant of the art of spelling words rightly, and of using the proper words in speaking, we shall be thought very meanly of. It will be said of us that our education has been neglected. None but uneducated persons say *We was*, *I knows it*, or *It was me did it*. A rightly educated person, who is acquainted with the rules of grammar, says, *We were*, *I know it*, and *It was I who did it*.

In order to write language correctly, we must also know how to put *points* after the words. This is called *punctuation*. Points are small dots or marks placed at proper situations between words, and at the end of sentences, to prevent confusion in the language, and to shew where we should make pauses in reading. The most common points are small marks called *commas*, which are put after the smaller divisions of sentences. This is a comma, which is a dot with a tail to it.

The points put between larger divisions of a sentence are called *semicolons*. A semicolon is a comma with a dot above it, thus ; The points put at the end of sentences are called *periods*. They signify that a full stop is made. A period is a single dot, thus . When two sentences have a relation to each other, a point called a *colon* is placed between them : the colon consists of two dots, thus : There are a few other points, but they are not much used. One is called a *mark of interrogation*, and it is always put after the words asking a question. This is its shape ? Another point is called a *mark of admiration*, and is always put after words expressing surprise. It is a dot with a long mark above it, thus ! The *hyphen* is a small mark, thus - which is used for joining two words together, or at the ends of lines when words are halved.

When a person writing wishes to make a remark aside, as it were, in the middle of a sentence, he encloses it between marks, thus (); and a remark enclosed in this way is called a *parenthesis*. Another way is, to write the passing remark at the bottom of the page in a *note*, with a mark referring to the note. There are many kinds of marks of reference to notes ; the most common is a *star*, thus * and a *dagger*, thus †. When we come to

any mark of this kind in reading, we stop, and read the note at the bottom of the page to which it refers. Notes are usually explanations of circumstances connected with the subject, and are in smaller letters.

Writing is of great service to mankind. It enables a person to mark down his thoughts on any subject, so that they may be preserved in books, or sent to another person to be read at a great distance. By this means, thoughts are handed down safely from one generation to another, and communicated from one place to another all over the world. A person who can write, has it in his power to tell another friend what he is doing, or what he wishes to be done, although that friend be situated thousands of miles distant.

FORMS OF OBJECTS.

a'pex.
appear'ance.
circum'ference.
con'ical.
cyl'inder.
diam'eter.
different.
hex'agon.

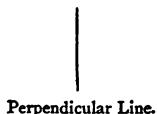
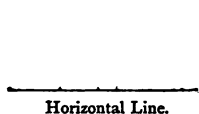
horizon'tal.
ig'norance.
oc'tagon.
parallel'ogram.
perpendic'ular.
pyr'amid.
quad'rangle.
spher'ical.

All the objects that we see possess a certain *form* or *shape*. We know forms or shapes by the senses of seeing and feeling, and by *comparing* them in our minds with other forms and shapes. It is very useful to be able to perceive, recollect, and name the shapes of things. Those who do not pay attention to this can never tell the exact

form of anything ; they are always making mistakes, and frequently do not understand what people say to them. Let us try to avoid this appearance of ignorance, and make ourselves well acquainted with the different forms of objects, and the names which are ordinarily given to them.

Every one knows what a *straight* line is. If we take a piece of paper, a ruler, and a pencil, and draw the pencil along the edge of the ruler on the paper, we shall draw a straight line, thus _____ Also, if we fold the paper evenly, we shall make a straight line by the fold ; a straight line, therefore, can be understood although it is not marked with ink or a pencil.

A straight line may be in any direction—up or down, or sidewise. When it is level, or even from one side to another, it is called a *horizontal* line ; when it is even up and down, it is called a *perpendicular* or *vertical* line.



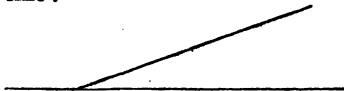
The following is an example of a perpendicular line rising from a horizontal line :



Straight lines may also be *oblique* or *inclined*, thus—



The following is an example of an oblique line rising from a horizontal line :

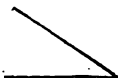


A board or any other straight and flat object sloping up in this way is called an *inclined plane*; a sloping road going up a hill, and the roof of a house, are examples of an inclined plane.

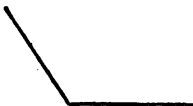
When one line rises straight up from another, as here represented,



the corner which is made where the two lines touch is called a *right angle*. If the line rises with a slope, thus,



the corner or point where the lines join is called an *acute angle*. But if the line rises or falls off in this way, the angle is then called an *obtuse angle*.



Four straight lines of equal length joining together, so as to make four right angles or corners, form a *square*



Square.



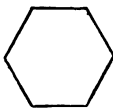
Parallelogram.

or *quadrangle*. If the lines on opposite sides be longer than the other two at the ends, an *oblong* or *parallelogram* is formed. It is called a parallelogram because the lines are parallel to each other, or lie evenly opposite each other.

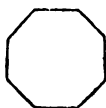
When three straight lines join each other, they form a *triangle*. The side of a pyramid is triangular. An object with six sides of equal length has six corners or



Triangle.



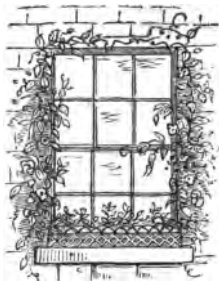
Hexagon.



Octagon.

angles, and is called a *hexagon*. An object with eight sides of equal length is called an *octagon*.

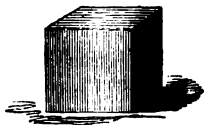
Here is a figure of a window; it is formed of twelve



oblong panes, by perpendicular and horizontal lines which cross or *intersect* each other. When a pane of glass is broken in a window, it generally shews cracks in all directions—some horizontal, some perpendicular, and others oblique.

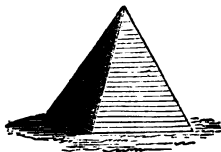
We see straight lines in many objects of art. The edge of a book or of a table, the seams in the floor, the

roof of a house, and the sides of doors, are examples of straight lines. When an object has six sides or faces of equal size, and perfectly square, it is called a *cube*.



A Cube.

A *pyramid* is an object with three or more equal sides, but the sides become small or narrow as they rise, and come to a point at the top, thus :



A Pyramid.

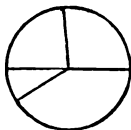
The top of figures of this kind is called the *apex*. The bottom of all buildings, of whatever form, is called the *base*.

All lines are not straight. There are lines with curves or bendings. Here is a *curved* or bent line.



We see many instances of bent lines both in the works of nature and art. There are indeed very few straight lines in nature : trees are curved or round in their stems ; the sun and moon are round in figure ; rivers turn and wind in their course ; and our own bodies are full of curves or bends.

A figure drawn perfectly round is called a *circle*. The entire line forming a circle is the *circumference*; and a line drawn across the middle or centre of a circle, from one side to another, forms the *diameter*. The half of a circle is called a *semicircle*.



A *crescent* is a portion of a circular object, thus. The moon has the appearance of a crescent when it is new, or only a few nights old.

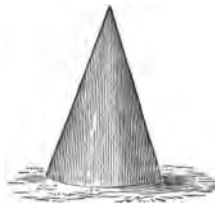


The figure of a tube, or a roll of paper, is an example of a circle and straight lines in one object. The roll is round both on the outside and inside, while the lines along from one end to the other are straight. The lines of the sides are also parallel to each other. An object of this form is also sometimes called a *cylinder*.



A Cylinder.

A roll may be made with a piece of paper so as to have



A Cone.

oblique, not parallel sides. A figure of this kind is called a *cone*, or its shape is called *conical*. A sugar-loaf is conical, broad at the base, and small at the apex.

Some objects are *round*, like a ball. An orange is nearly round; and so is the Earth nearly round. A round object is sometimes called a *sphere*, or is said to be *spherical*.

Some figures are of an *oval* form, thus :



An oval is also called an *ellipse*. The oval is not a true round or circle; it is like a circle drawn out on two opposite sides. An egg is oval or elliptical in figure, but it is not a perfect oval, because one end of it is generally smaller than the other.

Every one knows what is meant by a flat or level surface. The table is flat, the floor is flat, and many other things are flat. Some objects, however, are not perfectly flat; they have a rounded or bulged-out surface. When a surface rises in this manner, it is said to be *convex*. Here is a specimen of a convex surface rising from a flat surface.



Some objects are *convex* on two sides, thus :



The glasses or lenses in spectacles are generally convex;

that is, they are thicker at the middle than they are at the edges.

Surfaces may be *concave*. A concave surface is a rounded hollow like the inside of a basin. A flat object may also be hollowed out, so as to form a concave surface on one side, or it may be hollowed on both sides to form a double concave.



THE NETTLE-KING.

cam'pion.
reverence.

stellar'ia.
Veron'ica.

There was a Nettle both great and strong; and the threads of his poison flowers were long; he rose up in strength and height also, and he said: 'I'll be king of the plants below!' It was in a wood both drear and dank, where grew the Nettle so broad and rank; and an Owl sat up in an old ash tree that was wasting away so silently; and a Raven was perched above his head, and they both of them heard what the Nettle-king said; and there was a Toad that sat below, chewing his venom sedate and slow, and he heard the words of the Nettle also.

The Nettle he throve, and the Nettle he grew, and the strength of the earth around him he drew: there was a pale *Stellaria* meek, but as he grew strong, so she grew weak; there was a *Campion*, crimson-eyed, but as he

grew up, the Campion died ; and the blue Veronica, shut from light, faded away in a sickly white ; for upon his leaves a dew there hung, that fell like a blight from a serpent's tongue ; nor was there a flower about the spot, Herb-Robert, Harebell, or Forget-me-not. Yet up grew the Nettle like water-sedge, higher and higher above the hedge ; the stuff of his leaves was strong and stout, and the points of his stinging flowers stood out ; and the child that went in the wood to play, from the great King-nettle would shrink away !

‘Now,’ says the Nettle, ‘there’s none like me ; I am as great as a plant can be ! I have crushed each weak and tender root with the mighty power of my kingly foot ; I have spread out my arms so strong and wide, and opened my way on every side ; I have drawn from the earth its virtues fine, to strengthen for me each poison-spine : both morn and night my leaves I’ve spread, and upon the falling dews have fed, till I am as great as a forest-tree ; the great wide world is the place for me !’ said the Nettle-king in his bravery.

Just then came up a Woodman stout, in the thick of the wood he was peering about ; the Nettle looked up, the Nettle looked down, and graciously smiled on the simple clown : ‘Thou knowest me well, Sir Clown,’ said he ; ‘and ’tis meet that thou reverence one like me !’ Nothing at all the man replied, but he lifted a scythe that was at his side, and he cut the Nettle up by the root, and trampled it under his heavy foot ; he saw where the Toad in its shadow lay, but he said not a word, and went his way.

A NIGHT-SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE (1).

betimes', early, very soon.
 com'fortlessly, not giving any com-
 fort.

exclaimed', cried out.

hope'fully, with hope of being
 able to pay it.

housewif'ery, affairs of the house,

attended to by the wife of the
 house.

hudd'led, crowded close.

impa'tiently, without patience.

increased', made more in number.

rejoined', said in answer or reply.

unobserved', not seen or noticed.

It was the middle of winter, on the night of the 23d of January, when the weather was miserably cold; it neither decidedly froze, nor yet did it thaw; but between the two it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad.

It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire, which was burning comfortlessly. The baby lay in a wooden cradle at one corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled a potful of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table, lighted the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of housewifery.

'May I stir the fire?' asked David, the eldest boy.

'No, no,' replied the mother; 'it burns away too fast if it is stirred.'

'I wish we had a good fire!' sighed Judith, the second girl.

'Bless me!' said the mother, 'it is a good fire! Why,

there's Dame Grundy and her grandchild gone to bed because they have no fire at all !'

'I should like some more salt to my potatoes,' said little Bessy ; 'may I have some more, mother?'

'There is none, child,' she replied ; 'I put the last in the pot.'

'O dear !' cried out little Joey, 'my feet are so bad ! They get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly.'

'Poor thing !' sighed the mother ; 'I wish you had better shoes.'

'There's a pair,' said Joey briskly, 'at Timmy Nixon's, for fourteen-pence.'

'Fourteen-pence !' repeated the mother ; 'it would take a long time to get fourteen-pence.'

'Mat Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots,' replied Joey.

'We will not beg,' said the mother, 'if we can help it—but let me see the shoes ;' and Joey put up one of his frost-bitten feet on his mother's knee. 'Bless thee ! my poor lad,' said the mother, 'thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer.'

'Mother,' interrupted little Susan, 'may I have some more?'

'There is no more,' said she ; 'but I have a whole loaf yet.'

'O dear, O dear, how nice !' cried the children, clapping their hands ; 'and give Joey the bottom crust,' said one, 'because of his poor feet.'

'And give me a big bit,' cried Susan, holding out a fat little hand.

The mother divided the loaf—setting aside a piece for her husband—and presently the husband came.

'It rains, and is very cold,' said he, shivering.

'Please God,' rejoined the mother, 'it will be warmer after the rain.'

David Baird was a tall thin man, with an uneasy look—not that he had any fresh cause of uneasiness—his wages had not been lowered; his hours of work had not been increased, nor had he quarrelled with his master; but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness, and never-ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face have a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him the portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding a squirrel with the bread which her mother had given her—she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times. Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

'Nobody has inquired after that squirrel,' said the father, looking at them.

'No,' replied Mary, 'and I hope nobody will.'

'They will not now,' said the younger David, 'for it is three months since we found it.'

'We might sell it for half-a-crown,' said the father. Mary looked frightened, and held the squirrel to her bosom.

'Joey's feet are very bad,' remarked the mother.

'And that doctor's bill has never been paid,' said the father, 'seventeen shillings and sixpence.'

'Tis more money than we get in a week,' sighed the mother.

'I go round by the back-lane, to avoid passing the

door,' said the father, 'and he has asked me for it three times.'

'We will get it paid in the summer,' rejoined the mother, hopefully; 'but now coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before the week is out.'

'Lord help us!' exclaimed the father.

'Mary, fetch the other candle,' cried the mother, as the farthing candle burned low in the stick, and then went out.

'There is not one!' replied Mary; 'we burned out the other last night.'

'Have you a farthing, David?' asked the wife.

'Not one,' replied he, rather hastily.

'Nor have we one in the house,' said the wife; 'I paid all we had for the bread.'

'Stir up the fire, then,' said David.

'Nay,' rejoined the wife, 'coals are raised.'

'Lord help us!' again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing. 'Those children's coughs are no better!' remarked the father somewhat impatiently. And then the baby awoke; and so did Bessy, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved, crying: 'I am so cold, mother; I am so cold!'

'Go to bed with her, Mary,' said the mother, 'for you were up betimes this morning, washing. Put your clothes on the bed, and keep her warm.'

Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary, and in gloom. Eight children whom he loved were about him, but he thought of them only as born to poverty, uneasiness, and care, like himself: he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued to cry.

A NIGHT-SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE (2).

an'cestor, one of the family who lived in years gone by.

apothecary, one who sells medicines, and acts as a doctor.

cred'itor, one to whom money is due.

deceased', dead.

ejac'ulated, cried out suddenly.

extrav'agant, out of the way.

impor'tunate, pressing.

liabl'ity, being required or bound.

reverie, dreamy state.

solic'itor, a lawyer.

Cheer up, David, honest man! there is that coming even now—coming within three streets' length of thee—which shall raise thee above want for ever! Cheer up! This is the last hour any of you shall want for fire—the last hour you shall want for candle-light. Thou shalt keep thy squirrel, Mary! Bessy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor, David Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by back-ways to thy work to avoid an importunate creditor! Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer—thy feet shall get well in woollen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings a pair! You shall no more want salt to your potatoes, nor shall Susan again go short of her supper! But of all this, as yet, you know nothing, good people; and there you sit, hopeless and comfortless, and know nothing about the relief—and such splendid relief too—that even now is approaching your door. Wail, little baby, an thou wilt; nurse thy poor tingling feet, Joey, by the fire; and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Baird, yet a few moments longer; it can do you no harm, for the good news is even now turning the corner of your street.

Knock, knock, knock! David started from his reverie.

'Some one is at the door,' said the wife; and up jumped little David. 'If it is neighbour Wood come to

borrow some meal, you can get her a cupful,' added the mother, as the knock was repeated more hastily.

Up rose David Baird, and, thinking of the apothecary's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

'Are you David Baird?' asked the letter-carrier, who had knocked.

'I am,' said David.

'This, then, is for you; and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it,' said the man, holding forth a large letter.

'Is it a summons?' cried the wife in dismay: 'for what is David Baird summoned?' and she rushed to the door with the baby in her arms.

'It is no summons,' replied the man, 'but a money-letter, I take it.'

'It is not for me,' said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence.

'But are you not David Baird, the weaver?'

'I am,' said David.

'Then,' continued the letter-carrier, 'pay me the twenty-two pence, and, if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post-office.'

'Twenty-two pence!' repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty.

'One shilling and tenpence,' said the wife; 'we have not so much money by us, good man.'

'Light a candle,' said the letter-carrier, bustling into the house, 'and hunt up what you have.'

David was pushed to an extremity. 'We have none,' said he; 'we have not money to buy a candle!'

'Lord bless me!' said the letter-carrier, and he gave David the younger fourpence to fetch half a pound of candles. David and his wife knew not what to think; and the letter-man shook the wet from his hat. In a

few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hands.

'Open it, can't you?' said the letter-man.

'Is it for me?' inquired David again.

'It is,' replied the other, impatiently—'what a fuss is here about opening a letter!'

'What is this?' exclaimed David, taking out a bill for one hundred pounds.

'Oh!' sighed the wife, 'if, after all, it should not be for us! but read the letter, David;' and David read it.

'SIR—You, David Baird, weaver, of —, and son of the late David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, of Monkshaughton Castle, county of York, and sole heir of Sir Peter Baird, of Monkshaughton aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr Dennis, solicitor, at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and, to cover travelling and other expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. SMITH, for Mr DENNIS.'

'Sure enough,' said David, 'David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, was my father.'

'Oh, oh, oh!' chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, 'a hundred pounds and a castle!'

'Heaven be praised!' ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the baby in her arms.

'And,' continued David, 'the great Sir David Baird

was our ancestor ; but we never looked for anything from that quarter.'

'Then the letter is for you?' asked the man.

'It is. Please Heaven to make us thankful for it,' said David, seriously; 'but,' hesitated he, 'you want the money?'

'No,' said the letter-carrier, going out, 'I'll call for that to-morrow.'

'Bolt the door, wife,' said David, as she shut the door after the man; 'this money requires safe keeping.'

'Mend the fire!' said the mother; and her son David put on a shovelful of coal, and raked out the ashes.

'Kiss me, my children!' exclaimed the father, with emotion; 'kiss me, and bless God, for we shall never want bread again.'

'Is the house on fire?' screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, 'for there is such a blaze!'

'We are burning a mould candle,' said Judith, 'and have such a big fire!'

'Come here, Mary,' said the father, and Mary slid down-stairs, wrapped in an old cloak.

'Father's a rich man! we're all rich—and shall live in a grand castle!' laughed out young David.

'We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings, and shoes!' cried Joey, all alert, yet still remembering his poor frost-bitten feet.

'We shall have roast-beef and plum-pudding!' said Susan.

'We shall have rice-pudding every day!' cried Neddy.

'And let me have a horse, father,' said young David.

David Baird was again distracted; but how different were his feelings. He could have done a thousand extravagant things. At length he said: 'Wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good-fortune together.'

TO A BEE

cistus-flower, the rock-rose.

1.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy bee !

As abroad I took my early way ;
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace

On the meadow, with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy bee.

2.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy bee !

After the fall of the *cistus-flower*,
When the primrose-of-evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first ;

In the silence of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou busy, busy bee !

3.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee !

Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy ;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee !

4.

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy bee !

What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy bee !

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

brown'ie, a fairy.

croft, a small inclosed piece of
land, fit for ploughing.

dank, damp, moist.

Mid'summer.

mil'dew, a whitish coating, some-
times found on the leaves of
plants. It consists of minute
plants called *fungi*.
prith'ee, I pray thee.

1.

'And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?'
'I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!'

2.

'And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Low?'
'I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.'

3.

'And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?'
'I heard the drops of the water made,
And I heard the corn ears fill.'

4.

'Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low.'

5.

'Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

6.

‘And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small ;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all !’

7.

‘And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say ?’
‘I’ll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way !’

8.

‘And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill ;
“And this,” they said, “shall speedily-turn
The poor old miller’s mill ;

9.

“For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day !

10.

“Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes ;”

11.

‘And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill :

12.

“ And there,” said they, “ the merry winds go, ”
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn :

13.

“ Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong ! ”

14.

“ And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low—
“ And this,” said they, “ by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow !

15.

“ Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night ! ”

16.

“ And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
“ I have spun up all the tow,” said he,
“ And I want some more to spin.

17.

“ I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother ! ”

18.

'And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldun-Low
There was no one left but me.

19.

'And all on the top of the Caldun-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

20.

'But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go !

21.

'And I peeped into the widow's field ;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

22.

'And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high ;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye !

23.

'Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I 'm tired as I can be !'

AN OLD DOG'S TALE (1).

anticipa'tion, thinking of the matter beforehand.	earn'ing, working for:
ar'dently, very much.	inaud'ible, not able to be heard.
att'itude, position.	infirm'ity, weakness.
conclude', to make up one's mind.	plac'idly, quietly.
deject'edly, cast down, without spirits.	reflec'tion, thought.
	scandal'ised, shocked.

'As soon as ever we can stand firmly on our legs, what a life we will lead!' said a great loose-limbed puppy to his twin-sister, as they tumbled about and rolled over one another in the sunshine.

They were large creatures, with silky brown backs, and very big heads, and certainly as yet the most unsteady legs imaginable, for they had only been in the world a very short time indeed, and had been quite unable hitherto to get a proper command of any of their limbs. It would all come right, however, in good time, their mother always told them; so they comforted themselves with this reflection; and in spite of being prevented for the present—through this infirmity in their members, which was natural to their age—from doing a great many things that they ardently desired to do, they managed to live, on the whole, in a most merry and pleasant way.

They were always, however—as young creatures will be—looking forward to the future, and fancying how they would enjoy themselves then.

'What fun we shall have!' cried the eldest puppy, who was called Cæsar.

'What races we will run!' cried the youngest puppy, whose name was Juno.

'We'll beat them all with our long legs. Dear me, how very long they are!' exclaimed Cæsar, seized with sudden surprise, as he looked down on them.

'Not a bit too long,' exclaimed Juno, who probably had not much of an eye for proportion. 'How should we run races at all if they weren't long? The longer the better, if only they didn't give way so curiously now and then.'

('Now and then' was a very delicate expression for Juno to use in the circumstances, the real fact being that her legs gave way at every step she took; but then, as Cæsar's were exactly in the same condition, it was natural in her, you know, to speak a little within the mark.)

'Well, time will mend that fault, I suppose,' said Cæsar hopefully; 'and then, I daresay, as you remark, the longer the better. What a delightful life we shall have of it! Nothing to do but enjoy ourselves from morning to night!'

'And never a stroke of work expected from us!' cried Juno, looking quite radiant with anticipation. 'That's what I like. Of all things in this world, the most dreadful must be to be made to work!'

'Shocking!' cried Cæsar, and quite shuddered.

'And so degrading!' said Juno, as though that was the view of it that scandalised her most.

'Well, dogs are never made to work, at anyrate. That's one comfort,' said Cæsar pleasantly.

'Dogs never made to work, you foolish puppy!' cried a deep voice suddenly close behind them, and a great old dog, who had been lying near with his eyes shut, and fast asleep as the puppies thought (only it doesn't always do to conclude that people are fast asleep because their eyes are shut), rose up and shook himself, and looked at

Cæsar and Juno rather scornfully. 'Dogs never made to work! Do you think I never worked when I was young, you foolish children?' the old dog said.

'You, great-grandpapa!' cried both the puppies in a breath, and opened their eyes wide, with a most uncomfortable creepy feeling running down their spines; for if such a fate had befallen one member of the family, who could tell but what it might overtake the rest? 'You, great-grandpapa!' they said, and felt so overcome, that they looked quite faint.

'Yes, I worked hard and early, and early and late,' the old dog said quietly. 'I never ate my supper, or my dinner either (when I got any), without earning it, when I was young. My master in those days was a cat and dog's meat man.'

'A—a—what?' gasped the two puppies, but so feebly (for they could scarcely speak for horror), that they were almost inaudible.

'A cat and dog's meat man, my dears,' repeated the old dog quite placidly. 'And a very good man he was, and a kind master to me. If you like, I'll tell you about him; and how it was that I left him and was brought here. It's an old story now—an old, old story—but I think about it still many a time when I sit dozing in the sun.'

So big old Tartar, as he was called, placed himself once more in a comfortable attitude, and the two puppies were in such low spirits after what he had said, that, though in general they didn't care in the least for old stories, they also sat down quite dejectedly, and then he told them this tale.

AN OLD DOG'S TALE (2).

being of a most sociable disposition, wishing to be friendly. customers, people who buy. hom'age, respect and attention. lei'sure, time to spare.

occa'sions, times. pathet'ic, shewing that he had feeling. sensa'tion, excitement.

Rough and strong and sturdy limbed, with a dusty ill-kept coat, and the mire so seldom off his paws, that I think, for months together, he hardly knew himself what was the natural colour of them : that was the kind of dog that Tartar was when he was young. He didn't think much about his beauty in those days, nor did anybody else. His master found him strong to work, and his master's children found him the most patient and good-tempered of play-fellows, and that was all they cared for. Tartar might have been the handsomest dog living, or the ugliest, and it would hardly have mattered to them a straw one way or the other. They had not much of an eye for beauty in the place where Tartar lived.

It was a poor place—a small, close, dingy room in a narrow alley, where all the houses were so crowded, that the people swarmed in them like flies. Tartar's master alone had seven children, all of whom lived in a single room with their father and mother, and Tartar himself, and the dog's-meat cart, which, indeed, was quite a useful piece of furniture, for the two youngest children were regularly put to bed in it every night, and a very fairly comfortable bed it made too.

Tartar was a very young dog when he had first come here. A friend had made his master a present of him as soon as he could stand ; and, if he could have recollected that time, I daresay he would have remembered it as a

very hard time indeed, for he was set to work so early in his career, that for a good many weeks it was as much as ever he could do to draw the little cart along, and he used to come home at night with every bone in his body aching. But he soon got stronger, and as strength came his work grew easy to him; and for a long time he went on in a very contented jog-trot way, tramping along the dusty or muddy streets all day—streets that he soon came to know familiarly, and to feel quite at ease in—then coming home to supper, and to an hour's play or so with the little children; and then to sleep beside his cart, often tired enough, and sometimes hungry too.

It was a pretty hard life, but Tartar had never known anything better, so he never grumbled at it, or thought he was ill-used. So far from grumbling, indeed, he took a considerable amount of pride in it. It was not every dog who could boast of going about the world with a harness on his back, and a little coach behind him; not every dog, by a good many, who was paid so much attention where he went as Tartar! Why, his appearance would often make quite a sensation in a whole street! The people would throw up their windows to look out at him, as soon as they heard his master's voice, and all the other dogs would run after him; and the very cats of the neighbourhood would stand mewling at their open doors, while their mistresses were buying something out of the cart for them, in such a state of excitement, that they were almost beside themselves. It was quite impossible, in the face of so much homage, that Tartar could help feeling that he was an important person, or (though he was not vain) that he could fail to perceive how, amongst all the dogs of his acquaintance, no dog made so much noise in the world as he did.

Well, this sort of life went on for a good while, and Tartar was happy enough in spite of hard work and hunger; for his master was a good master, and he himself was a patient, faithful, loving fellow. He never seemed to mind what he had to bear. He would go to bed as good-temperedly without his supper as with it, when there was no supper in the house to give him (as happened pretty often); and would wag his tail, and lick his master's hand, and look up into his face, just for all the world as if he understood the sad state of matters perfectly, and was trying to say that, though he was very sorry for it, yet, at anyrate for him, it didn't matter one bit. And on happier occasions, when the dog's-meat man had had good customers, and came home with his pocket full of coppers, you would have thought that Tartar knew the value of them as well as anybody in the house; and if his mistress put two or three of them down upon the table, and pointed at them, Tartar would instantly take them in his mouth, and gravely trot off to the baker's, and bring back a loaf of bread, without touching a single crumb of it himself, or even so much as looking as if he would like to lick his lips over it. And it would have been a bold person, I can tell you, who would have tried in the street to take Tartar's loaf out of his mouth after he had bought and paid for it.

Of course the whole population in the alley knew Tartar well, and, being of a most sociable disposition, he had a wag of the tail for every one of them; and on Sundays, when he had leisure, a shake of the paw too. Paw-shaking, as you may suppose, was not a thing to be thought of on week-days when he had his master's bread to earn; but on his one day of rest Tartar was ready to condescend to anything, and as sure as Sunday came

round, you would see him in the court with a score of children about him, and on his back, and under his legs, shaking paws with them all round. He knew when Sunday came just as well as you children do who read this, and was more thankful for it too than I daresay most of you are.

So time went on, and Tartar grew strong and large, and became, in spite of his rough coat, a fine handsome beast. He had a broad back, and straight sturdy limbs, and his colour was tawny, shading off to white. A good, noble, honest face he had too, and bright, soft, loving eyes—a beautiful and pathetic face, as so many dogs have, as if they were half or more than half human, and almost had souls like the rest of us.

AN OLD DOG'S TALE (3).

belch'ing, throwing themselves
out.
cha'ring, working by the day.
nov'el, new.

pant'ing, breathing quickly and
with difficulty.
remorse'fully, with pain, and
wishing that he had not sent
the dog.

It was when Tartar was about three years old that the great event happened which changed all his future life. One cold winter's evening (it was a Saturday night, and, his week's work being over, Tartar was sitting in the midst of the family circle, wagging his tail and looking forward to his supper, which on Saturday nights was generally more abundant than at other seasons), suddenly, just when everybody was going to sit down to table, an unusual light shone in at the unshuttered windows, and two or three of the children, running forward to look

what was the matter, cried out in a breath that one of the opposite houses was on fire! The next instant, as you may be sure, the father and mother, and the seven children, and Tartar at their heels, had all rushed out into the court, and then a scene of confusion and excitement and alarm began that you must picture for yourselves.

It was a tall house, as most of the houses in the alley were, and great flames were belching out from the third story windows.

‘It’s Sally Ferguson’s room!’ the people cried.

Everybody knew that in a moment. It was poor Sally Ferguson’s, the washerwoman, who went out charing, and had to shut up her three little children to take care of one another while she was away, and to play together the whole day alone, except when a kind neighbour would run up sometimes—as a good many kind neighbours did—to see that the three small creatures had got their dinners, and were coming to no harm. They had been sitting up waiting for their mother now. It was late at night, and she would be home soon.

There was a crowd of faces below, all looking up at the burning windows. The lodgers in the lower stories had got quickly out, they were safe enough; it was only those up-stairs—the three little ones up-stairs—who were imprisoned amidst the flames.

‘The door’s locked on them. They’ll be burned alive!’ cried Tartar’s master, and looked round him for a moment on his own little swarm of children, and then set his face, and pushed his way forward through the crowd. His wife gave a little cry, but didn’t try to stop him, and in another moment he was out of sight; and then in a moment more, two other men had followed him into the house; and some one else had followed too. I

think you guess who it was—it was Tartar. He had looked into his mistress's face, doubtful a little what to do, not quite understanding this novel state of things, or being sure of the part that it would be best for him to play. Only he had a general impression that if his master had any work on hand, it was his business to have a share in it; so he looked into his mistress's face, and his eager eyes said, as clear as eyes could: 'Shall I go after him?' And when she nodded her head, away he went like a shot, without either doubt or fear.

Up the dark staircase, through the thick cloud of smoke he went. His master was ahead, that he knew; where he was, indeed, he could not tell, for the smoke blinded him, and the strong smell of the fire made his scent useless; but he should find him somewhere soon. At full speed he rushed up the stairs, almost oversetting one of the other men whom he met midway; and his master had barely got the door unlocked of the room in which the children were, when Tartar was at his side. And then in another moment Tartar had need of all his courage, and so had his master too; for as the door was thrown open, all the room within seemed at first to be one blaze of fire.

For an instant, as the flames leaped out on them, the man started back.

'It's too late!' he shouted to the others below, and would have turned and rushed down-stairs again, for he thought it must all be over with the children before now; but the very next moment he heard a scream, and then another and another.

'They're alive somewhere!' he cried out then. 'Come up! come up!' And he took a deep breath; and he, and Tartar too, sprang into the room.

The poor little things had broken open a tiny window that looked down into the yard behind the house, and were clinging round the empty framework and shrieking for help. There were two of them there. They gave a great scream of joy as they saw Tartar's master, and he rushed to them, and caught them in his arms together, and carried them—he hardly knew how, for he couldn't see, and he was choking and suffocating with the smoke and fire—out to the passage beyond the flames.

'But the little one: where's the little one?' he cried, the moment he had set them down.

They were all little enough, poor things, the eldest of them not more than seven years old; but the one that Tartar's master meant was the youngest—the baby—a morsel of a creature that couldn't stand.

'Where's the little one?' he cried again; and they couldn't tell him; they only stared at him with open lips and wild scared eyes.

What was he to do? With his wife and his seven children down below, he had his own life to think of. The other men had not heard his second cry, or at any rate had not come to help him. He had but a moment to make up his mind. Here were the flames coming nearer—and the two children were clinging round his knees—and Tartar——

The dog was standing close beside him, panting eagerly, and looking up into his face.

'Tartar, go and find her! Go and find her, good dog!' he suddenly cried.

An instant afterwards he thought remorsefully that he had thrown the brave beast's life away; but it was too late to regret it then. The words had hardly left his lips, when Tartar was again within the room.

He took the children up once more in his arms, and carried them down-stairs. As he came out into the open air, half-stupefied and still suffocating with the smoke, he hardly understood for a moment what the sudden burst of cheering round him meant. The place was thronged with people now, and already plenty of hands were busily at work, and the red light was glancing on the firemen's helmets ; but when he was seen in the doorway with the children on his shoulders, for a few moments everything that was going on stood still, and the place rang with shouts. One wild wail alone mingled with them. Poor Sally Ferguson had come back while Tartar's master had been doing his work. With a great scream of momentary joy she sprang to him and caught her children into her arms. But an instant after : ' My baby ! my baby ! ' she cried wildly.

He shook his head, with the tears starting to his eyes, and turned away. Poor little baby, it must be dead now ; and dead, too, his brave, strong, faithful dog.

AN OLD DOG'S TALE (4).

commo'tion.
exhaust'ed, tired.
genera'tions, families.
gri'my, covered with dirt.

he'roes, those who do great deeds.
instinct'ively, without thinking.
lux'ury.
urch'ins, boys.

They all thought that the baby and the dog were both dead. But what did they think a moment after, when through the open doorway Tartar rushed into the court ; and not Tartar only, but Tartar with a big, loose, shapeless bundle in his mouth—the little child that he had saved !

He sprang into the midst of them like a strong arrow from a bolt, dropped down the bundle softly on the ground, and then stood still, and wagged his tail, and looked about him, a little confused, a little frightened, while they cheered, and cheered, and cheered him till the very air seemed to ring.

Brave Tartar! Brave good dog! The people waved their hats, and cried 'Hurrah!' over and over again, except a few who burst out crying, and couldn't speak at all; and one after another they pressed up round him as he stood there, dusty, and grimy, and rough, and singed, with the hair scorched off his coat, and his eyes bloodshot, and his feet burned, and half-bewildered by it all; till suddenly, at last, he sank down on his haunches, and solemnly began to shake paws right and left. For though he didn't understand it clearly by any means, it was evidently, Tartar perceived, a great occasion.

The baby was wailing in its happy mother's arms. As Tartar was still hard at work at his paw-shaking (for the number of people who struggled forward to shake paws with him was so immense, that he perceived at once it had been a most happy thought of his to set about this ceremony, and that it must have been the very thing that was expected of him), a gentleman elbowed his way through the crowd of rough faces to where he and his master were standing side by side.

He was a young, handsome, pleasant-looking man. He went straight up to Tartar's master, and said abruptly: 'If you'll sell that noble dog, I'll give you twenty pounds for him!'

The man looked up into his face, taken aback, almost breathless for a moment.

'I had never thought of selling him, sir,' he said

hurriedly. 'We're all very fond of him.' And instinctively he laid his hand on the great beautiful head. For the dog had never been so dear to him as at that moment; never, of course, before had he been so proud of him; it would be hard to let him go; but yet——

One of his little urchins was standing at his knees, and all at once his eye caught a large rent in his little coat, behind which the bare skin was shewing. Twenty pounds! What would such a sum not buy? Food, clothing, beds, and blankets—all needed sorely. He stood quite silent for two or three seconds; and then he turned his back a little upon Tartar, and——'Well, sir, I'm a poor man,' he said.

Little did Tartar know what a moment that was for him! He was thinking of nothing but the work in hand, which, indeed, was hard enough work too, for his poor burned paws were hot and sore, and such ceaseless shaking of them in that condition was by no means an easy thing to bear. But little did he imagine that something was taking place of far more importance to him than any burned paws.

He learned it soon enough, however; and so did the whole alley. In half an hour, when the fire had been nearly got under, and the crowd was beginning to think of breaking up, the news got suddenly abroad that Tartar had been sold. And then such a commotion followed as everybody who lived in the alley remembered afterwards for many a day. They were a rough set of people, but you should have seen how they pressed round Tartar, and how they clapped his back, and shook his paws again, and called him 'Brave old dog!' and 'Fine old dog!' and how his old master's children fairly hugged him, and cried over him.

'He shall come back and see you all! He shan't forget you,' his new master told them heartily, and then they cheered him too as well as Tartar.

And in the midst of all this homage and confusion, bewildered and alarmed, the faithful loving beast stood with his sad questioning eyes, turning from one to another of the faces that he knew so well. For him, poverty and hard work and hunger were about to be exchanged, from this night, for luxury and ease; but what was that to him now, or what would it have been to him if he could have known it ever so well? He only saw presently that they were taking him away from the place where he had lived, from the sound of the voices he had loved, from the touch of the hands that had been kind to him. He couldn't know then what a happy future was before him, though he lived to know it, and to tell it (as he told it now) to generations of dogs then unborn.

Tartar told his story very quietly, and when he had finished it, the two puppies thought a great deal more (as in similar cases, puppies generally do) of his good luck in getting to the fine house in which they now all lived together, than of the patient life and of the noble act by which he had earned his happy fortune.

And when, exhausted a little with the length of time he had been talking (for he was old now), Tartar laid down his great head upon his paws, and composed himself to take a comfortable sleep, Cæsar and Juno went back again to their games, sadder, but yet, I fear, scarcely wiser dogs.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

1.

Come follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be—
Which circle on the green,
Come follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

2.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through keyholes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

3.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy ;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile ;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

4.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

1.

'How does the water
Come down at Lodore?'
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time ;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store ;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing ;
Because I was laureate
To them and the king.

2.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell ;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills ;

Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling ;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in its rapid race,
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its deep descent.

3.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among :
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,

Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
 Around and around,
With endless rebound ;
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in ;
 Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

4.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,

And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;

5.

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering ;

6.

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

7.

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and-boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

S P E L L I N G.

THE MORE DIFFICULT WORDS OF THREE
SYLLABLES IN COMMON USE.

abey'ance
acces'sion
ac'cident
ac'com'plice
acknow'ledge
acquiesce'
ad'equate
adja'cent

ad'jective
al'manac
al'phabet
ambi'tious
am'nesty
an'cestor
an'ecdote
apos'tle

ap'petite
approv'al
aquat'ic
archan'gel
arch'itect
art'ifice
art'isan
ascend'ant

ascertain'
assas'sin
asthma'tic
asy'lum
at'mosphere
atro'cious
attor'ney
auda'cious

au'dience
aus'pices
au'thorise
av'enué
bal'cony
bar'barous
bar'ricade
battal'ion

bay'onet
besieg'er
bev'rage
blas'phemy
bur'ial
capri'cious
cat'alogue
cat'echism

cathe'dral
celebrate
char'acter

collis'ion
col'loquy
col'ony

complex'ion
concur'rence
condescend'

chas'tisement
Christ'ianise
chron'icle
coalesce'
cog'nizance

commit'tee
compan'ion
compen'sate
com'petent
com'plaisant

confis'cate
conta'gion
count'erfeit
coura'geous
cow'ardice

cred'ible
dec'alogue
deci'sive
deco'rous
de'ference
defi'cient
de'ity
deli'cious

delu'sion
demean'our
des'perate
di'alogue
di'amond
dif'fident
dilem'ma
dilu'tion

discern'ment
disci'ple
dis'cipline
discom'fit
discre'tion
diur'nal
dom'icile
dyn'asty

eccen'tric
ec'stacy
effervesce'
egre'gious
el'ephant
el'oquent
emphat'ic
enno'ble

envel'op
epis'tle
eq'uiPAGE
es'sayist
et'iquette
excheq'uer
excre'scence
exhib'it

ex'orcise
ex'quisite
extin'guish
face'tious
facti'tious
fan'atic
fas'cinata
feas'ible

fero'cious
fo'liage
gen'uine
gov'ernment
guarantee'

hem'isphere
hi'erarch
hori'zon
hur'ricane
hyp'ocrite

illu'sion
im'becile
indict'ment
ini'tial
inter'stice

gymnas'tic
half'penny
hec'atomb

i'cicle
ille'gal
illic'it

invei'gle
jeal'ousy
jeop'ard'y

judi'cious
ju'venile
leg'islate
lieuten'ant
lin'eage
lin'ear
lin'iment
live'lihood

loqua'cious
lux'ury
mag'azine
mag'istrate
main'tenance
manceu'vre
mas'sacre
mechan'ic

med'icine
met'aphor
mi'croscope
min'strelsy
mir'acle
mis'chievous
moi'ety
musi'cian

mys'tery
na'tional
ni'cety
nov'elist
obei'sance
ob'loquy
ob'sequies
omnis'cient

or'chestra
or'deal
or'igin
ox'ygen
par'able
par'agraph
par'allel
par'liament

par'oxysm
pa'triarch
pa'triot
pau'city
pavil'ion
persua'sion
physi'cian
picturesque'

persist'ence
plebe'ian
portmant'eau
possess'ion
pos'thumous
preced'ence
prec'ipice
preco'cious

prej'udice
prem'ises
priv'ilege
proced'ure
prod'igal
prod'igy
profi'cient
pros'elyte

psalm'ody
pu'erile
pursu'ance
pyr'amid
quan'tity
quar'relsome
quer'ulous
quies'cent

raill'ery
recep'tion
recommen'd'
rec'oncile
reg'iment
ren'dezvous
res'ervoir
ret'icence

ret'inue
rev'enue
reverence
rhap'sody
rhet'oric
rid'icule
ru'diments
sac'rament

sac'rifice
sac'rilege
saga'cious
sat'ellite
schismat'ic
scholas'tic
scim'itar
sep'arate

sep'ulchre
severance
sig'nify
sin'ecure
south'erly
sov'reign
spec'imen
strat'agem

succes'sor
su'icide
suff'erance
sump'tuous
supersede'
sym'pathy
syn'agogue
syn'onym

tap'etry
tech'nical
ten'dency
ten'ement
the'atre
trag'edy
tran'quillise
treach'erous

trian'gle
tyr'anny
umbrel'la
unwield'y
vac'illate
ve'herent
ven'omous
ven'tilate

vera'cious
ves'tibule
vexa'tious
vict'ualler
vig'ilant
vill'ainous
vindic'tive
vin'egar

vi'olin
vis'countess
vi'tiate
voc'able
wharf'inger
wit'ticism
yes'terday
zo'diac

LIST OF THE MORE COMMON PREFIXES
AND AFFIXES.

PREFIXES.

* * A PREFIX means a word, syllable, or letter put at the beginning of another word.

SAXON OR ENGLISH PREFIXES.

A, *in, on*, as *abed*, in bed ; *afoot*, on foot.

BE, *before*, as *bespeak*, to speak beforehand.

BE, *to take away*, as *behead*, to take the head from.

EN, *in, into, on, to make*, as *encase*, to put in or into a case ; *enthroned*, to place on a throne ; *enlarge*, to make large—that is, to put *into* the state of largeness.

FOR, *from, away, against*, as *forbid*, to bid away.

FORE, *before*, as *foresee*, to see beforehand.

MIS, *amiss, ill, wrong*, as *misbehave*, to behave ill.

OUT, *beyond*, as *outrun*, to run beyond.

OVER, *over, above, beyond*, as *overhead*, over or above the head ; *overcharge*, to charge beyond what is right.

UN, *not*, as *unhappy*, not happy ; *undress*, to take off the dress.

UNDER, *under, below*, as *underlie*, to lie under or below.

WITH, *against, back*, as *withstand*, to stand against ; *withdraw*, to draw back.

LATIN PREFIXES.

* * The different forms of each prefix are given in the margin.

A, from.

A,	as	avert, to turn from.
AB,		absolve, to loose from.
ABS,		abstract, to draw from.

Ad, to.

AD,		adhere, to stick to.
A,		ascend, to climb to.
AC,		accede, to yield to.
AF,		affix, to fix to.
AG,		aggravate, to give weight to.
AL,		alleviate, to give ease to.
AN,		annex, to join to.
AP,		append, to hang to.
AR,		arrogate, to claim to.
AS,		assimilate, to make like to.
AT,		attract, to draw to.

.Ante, before.

ANTE,		antecedent, going before.
ANTI,		anticipate, to take up before.

Circum, round.

CIRCUM,		circumnavigate, to sail round.
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Cis, on this side.

CIS,		cisalpine, on this side the Alps.
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Con, together.

CON,	as	<i>conjoin</i> , to join together.
Co,		<i>co-operate</i> , to work together.
COG,		<i>cognate</i> , born together.
COL,		<i>collect</i> , to gather together.
COM,		<i>compress</i> , to press together.
COR,		<i>corroborate</i> , to strengthen together.

Contra, against.

CONTRA,	<i>contradict</i> , to speak against.
CONTRO,	<i>controvert</i> , to turn against.
COUNTER,	<i>counteract</i> , to act against.

De, down or from.

DE,	<i>deject</i> , to cast down ; <i>deter</i> , to frighten from.
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Dis, asunder.

DIS,	<i>dispel</i> , to drive asunder ; <i>disarm</i> , to take off arms.
DI,	<i>divest</i> , (originally) to take off clothes.
DIF,	<i>diffuse</i> , to spread abroad.

Ex, out, from.

EX,	<i>exclude</i> , to shut out.
E,	<i>eject</i> , to throw out.
EC,	<i>eccentric</i> , from the centra.
EF,	<i>efflux</i> , a flowing out.

Extra, beyond.

EXTRA,	<i>extraordinary</i> , beyond ordinary.
--------	---

In, not, before adjectives.

IN,	as	<i>invisible</i> , not visible.
IG,		<i>ignoble</i> , not noble.
IL,		<i>illegal</i> , not legal.
IM,		<i>impure</i> , not pure.
IR,		<i>irregular</i> , not regular.

In, in, into, on, upon, before verbs.

IN,	<i>inject</i> , to throw in or into.
IL,	<i>illumine</i> , to throw light upon.
IM,	<i>import</i> , to carry into.
IR,	<i>irradiate</i> , to throw rays upon.

Inter, between, among.

INTER,	<i>intervene</i> , to come between.
INTEL,	<i>intelligent</i> , choosing among.

Intro, within.

INTRO,	<i>introduce</i> , to lead within.
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Juxta, near to.

JUXTA,	<i>juxtaposition</i> , a position near to.
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Ob, against, in the way of.

OB,	<i>obstacle</i> , something standing in the way.
OC,	<i>occur</i> , to run in the way, to happen.
OF,	<i>offend</i> , to hit against, to hurt.
OP,	<i>oppose</i> , to place against.

Per, through, thoroughly.

PER,	<i>perfect</i> , thoroughly done.
PEL,	<i>pellucid</i> , clear through.

Post, after.

POST, as *postscript*, written after.

Pre, before.

PRE, *precede*, to go before.

Preter, beyond.

PRETER, *preternatural*, beyond what is natural.

Pro, for, forth, forward.

PRO, *pronoun*, a word used for a noun ; *provoke*, to call forth ; *propel*, to drive forward.

PUR, *purvey*, to look for.

Re, back, again.

RE, *retract*, to draw back ; *rebuild*, to build again.

Retro, backwards.

RETRO, *retrospect*, a looking backwards.

Se, aside.

SE, *seduce*, to lead aside.

Sine, without.

SINE, *sinecure*, without care.

Sub, under, after.

SUB, *subscribe*, to write under.

SUC, *succeed*, to come after.

SUF, *suffer*, to undergo.

SUG, *suggest*, to place under, to hint.

SUP, *support*, to bear under.

SUS, *sustain*, to hold under.

SU, *suspect*, to look under.

Subter, under.

SUBTER, as *subterfuge*, an evasion.

Super, above, over.

SUPER, *superfine*, over fine, very fine.
SUPRA, *supramundane*, above the world.
SUR, *surmount*, to rise above.

Trans, across, beyond, over.

TRANS, *transport*, to carry across.
TRAN, *transcribe*, to copy.
TRA, *traverse*, to pass over.

Ultra, beyond.

ULTRA, *ultramarine*, beyond the sea.

GREEK PREFIXES.**A, without.**

A, *apathy*, without feeling.
AN, *anarchy*, without government.

Amphi, both, round.

AMPHI, *amphibious*, having both lives (on land and in water); *amphitheatre*, a circular theatre.

Ana, up.

ANA, *anatomy*, a cutting up.

Anti, against.

ANTI, *antipathy*, a feeling against.
ANT, *antarctic*, opposite the arctic.

Apo, from.

APO, *apostle*, one sent from.

Cata, down.

CATA, as *cataract*, a rushing down.

Dia, through.

DIA, *diameter*, the measure through.

En, on, in.

EN, *energy*, inherent power for work.
EM, *emphasise*, to lay stress on.

Epi, upon.

EPI, *epitaph*, inscription on a tomb.

Hyper, over.

HYPER, *hypercritical*, over-critical.

Hypo, under.

HYPO, *hypothesis*, a placing under, a supposition.

Meta, change.

META, *metamorphosis*, a change of form.

Para, beside.

PARA, *parable*, a similitude.
PAR, *parallel*, lying side by side.

Peri, round.

PERI, *perimeter*, measure round about.

Syn, together.

SYN, *synthesis*, a placing together.
SYM, *sympathy*, feeling together.
SYL, *syllable*, letters pronounced together.

AFFIXES.

Note.—(F.) means French ; (Gr.) Greek ; (Heb.) Hebrew ; (L.) Latin ; (S.) Anglo-Saxon.

MEANING one who.

AN	(Gr.)	comedy—comedian.
AR	(S.)	lie—liar.
ARD	(S.)	drunk—drunkard.
EER	(F.)	mountain—mountaineer.
ER	(S.)	build—builder.
IST	(Gr.)	botany—botanist.
OR	(L.)	govern—governor.
STER	(S.)	song—songster.
STRESS	(S.)	song—songstress.

MEANING one who is.

EE	(F.)	trust—trustee.
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MEANING that which.

EL	(S.)	shove—shovel.
LE	(S.)	gird—girdle.
MENT	(L.)	nourish—nourishment.

MEANING place where.

ERY	(S.)	brew—brewery.
RY	(S.)	heron—heronry.
Y	(L. & Gr.)	rector—rectory.

MEANING *more in number.*

EN	(S.)	ox—oxen.
ES	(S.)	fox—foxes.
S	(S.)	hat—hats.
IM	(Heb.)	cherub—cherubim.

MEANING *more in degree.*

ER	(S.)	great—greater.
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MEANING *most in degree.*

EST	(S.)	great—greatest.
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MEANING *the female.*

ESS	(S.)	lion—lioness.
INE	(L.)	hero—heroine.
IX	(L.)	testator—testatrix.
STRESS	(S.)	songster—songstress.

MEANING *little.*

CLE	(L.)	part—particle.
CULE	(L.)	animal—animalcule.
EN	(S.)	maid—maiden.
ET	(S.)	flower—floweret.
IE	(S.)	lass—lassie.
ISH	(S.)	brown—brownish.
KIN	(S.)	lamb—lambkin.
LE	(S.)	thumb—thimble.
LET	(S.)	stream—streamlet.
LING	(S.)	duck—duckling.
OCK	(S.)	hill—hillock.
OT	(S.)	ball—ballot.
OW	(S.)	shade—shadow.
ULE	(L.)	globe—globule.

MEANING *to make.*

ATE	(L.) <i>facilis</i> , easy— <i>facilitate</i> .
EN	(S.) weak— <i>weaken</i> .
FY	(L.) <i>magnus</i> , great— <i>magnify</i> , to make great.
ISE	(Gr.) equal— <i>equalise</i> .
ISH	(S.) public— <i>publish</i> .
IZE	(Gr.) same as ISE.

MEANING *made of.*

EN	(S.) wood— <i>wooden</i> .
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MEANING *full of.*

FUL	(S.) joy— <i>joyful</i> .
OSE	(L.) <i>verba</i> , words— <i>verbose</i> .
OUS	(L.) <i>copia</i> , plenty— <i>copious</i> .
SOME	(S.) glad— <i>gladsome</i> , full of gladness.
Y	(S.) wind— <i>windy</i> .

MEANING *belonging to.*

AL	(S.) bride— <i>bridal</i> .
AR	(L.) angle— <i>angular</i> .
ARY	(L.) tribute— <i>tributary</i> .
ENT	(L.) differ— <i>different</i> .
ESQUE	(F.) picture— <i>picturesque</i> .
IC	(L.) cube— <i>cubic</i> .
ICAL	(L.) cube— <i>cubical</i> .
INE	(L.) <i>femina</i> , a woman— <i>feminine</i> .
ISH	(S.) fool— <i>foolish</i> .
ITE	(L.) favour— <i>favourite</i> .
ORY	(L.) preface— <i>prefatory</i> .

MEANING *able, fit to be.*

- ABLE (L.) *porto*, to carry—portable, fit to be carried.
BLE (L.) same as ABLE, L. *visum*, seen—visible.
IBLE (L.) same as ABLE, L. *posse*, to be able—possible,
able.
ILE (L.) *duco, ductum*, to draw—ductile.

MEANING *like.*

- LIKE (S.) God—Godlike.
LY (S.) man—manly.

MEANING *often.*

- ER (S.) beat—batter.
LE (S.) nip—nibble.

MEANING *without.*

- LESS (S.) home—homeless.

MEANING *in the direction of.*

- ERN (S.) north—northern.
ERLY (S.) north—northerly.
WARD (S.) east—eastward; wind—windward.

MEANING *way, manner.*

- WAYS (S.) side—sideways.
WISE (S.) like—likewise.

MEANING *state, being, quality, office, &c.*

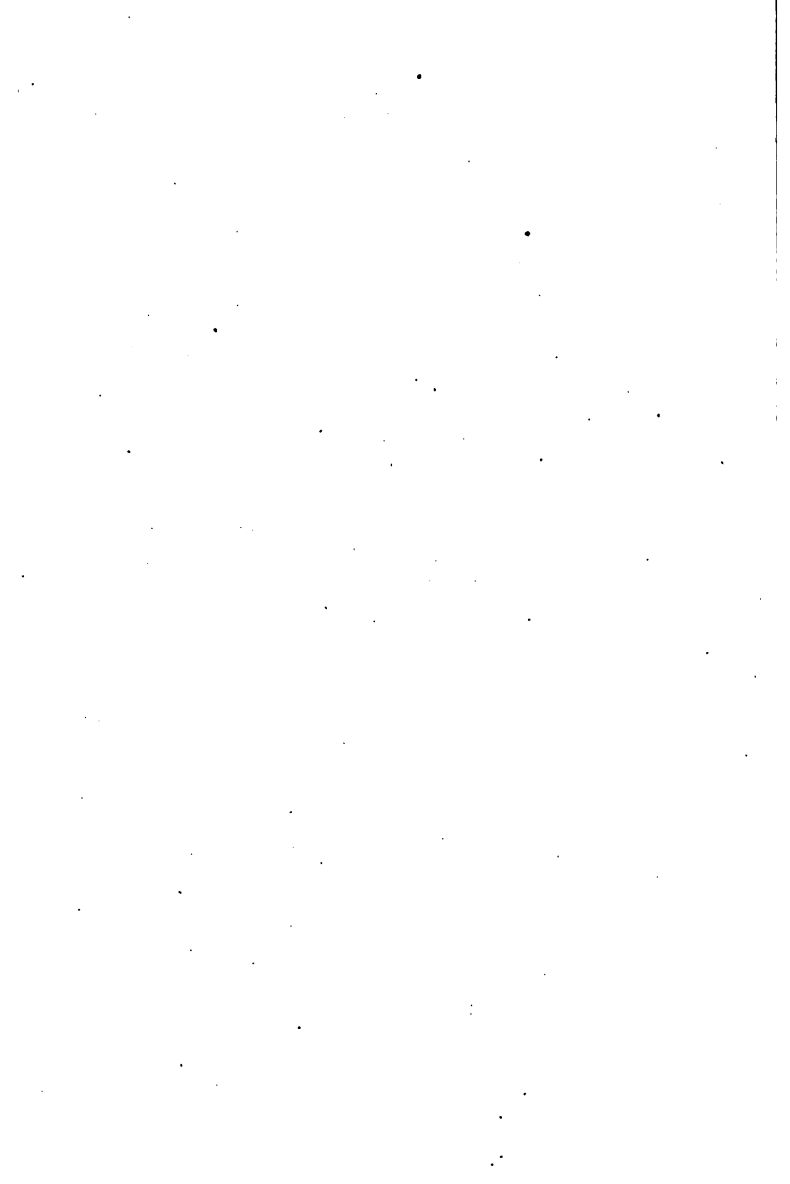
- AGE (S.) bond—bondage.
ANCE (L.) abound—abundance.
ANCY (L.) constant—constancy.
ATE (L.) pastor—pastorate.

DOM	(S.) king— <i>kingdom</i> ; free— <i>freedom</i> ; martyr— <i>martyrdom</i> .
ENCE	(L.) innocent— <i>innocence</i> .
ENCY	(L.) lenient— <i>leniency</i> .
HEAD	(S.) God— <i>Godhead</i> .
HOOD	(S.) child — <i>childhood</i> ; neighbour — <i>neighbourhood</i> .
ICE	(L.) just— <i>justice</i> .
ION	(L.) create— <i>creation</i> .
ISM	(Gr.) hero— <i>heroism</i> .
ITY	(L.) rapid— <i>rapidity</i> .
MENT	(L.) establish— <i>establishment</i> .
NESS	(S.) good— <i>goodness</i> .
RIC	(S.) bishop— <i>bishopric</i> .
RY	(S.) brave— <i>bravery</i> .
SHIP	(S.) friend— <i>friendship</i> .
TH	(S.) warm— <i>warmth</i> .
TUDE	(L.) <i>gratus</i> , grateful— <i>gratitude</i> .
TY	(L.) honest— <i>honesty</i> .

THE END.

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